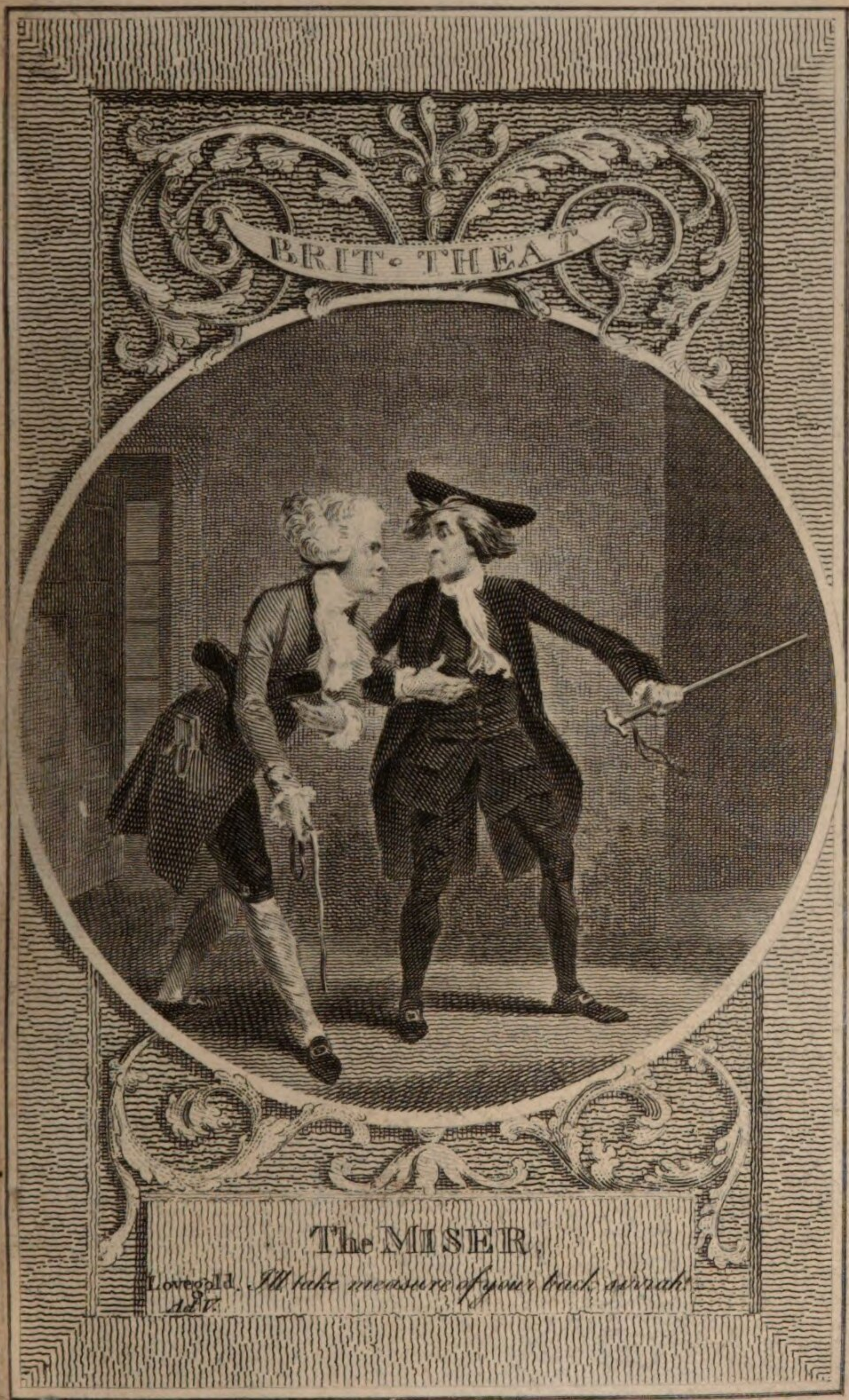
De Wilde pinx! Corner sculp.

MR. YATES as LOVEGOLD.

"In short Lappet, I must touch touch touch something real."

London. Printed for J Bell, British Library, Strand Feb 4 1792



The MISER.

Lovegold. *I'll take measure of your back, sirrah!*
Adv.

Burke pinxt. *Heath sculp.*

London. Printed for J. Bell, British Library, Strand. Febr. 25. 1792.

THE MISER.

A

COMEDY,

By HENRY FIELDING, Esq.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES ROYAL,

DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,

By Permission of the Managers,

"The lines distinguished by inverted Commas are omitted in the Representation, and those printed in Italicks are the additions of the Theatres."

LONDON:

Printed

FOR N. SCARLETT, No. 348, STRAND;

BY BUNNEY AND GOLD, SHOE-LANE.

M.DCC.III.

TO HIS GRACE,
CHARLES,
DUKE OF RICHMOND AND LENOX.

MY LORD,

AS there is scarce any vanity more general than that of desiring to be thought well received by the great, pardon me if I take the first opportunity of boasting the countenance I have met with from one who is an honour to the high rank in which he is born. The Muses, my Lord, stand in need of such protectors; nor do I know under whose protection I can so properly introduce Moliere as that of your Grace, to whom he is as familiar in his own language as in ours.

The pleasure which I may be supposed to receive from an extraordinary success in so difficult an undertaking must be indeed complete by your approbation; the perfect knowledge which your Grace is known to have of the manners, habits, and taste, of that nation where this play was derived, makes you the properest judge wherein I have judiciously kept up to, or departed from, the original. The theatre hath declared loudly in favour of The Miser, and you, my Lord, are to decide what share the translator merits in the applause.

I shall not grow tedious by entering into the usual style of Dedications, for my pen cannot accompany my

heart when I speak of your Grace; and I am now writ-
ing to the only person to whom such a panegyric would
be displeasing; therefore I shall beg leave to conclude
with the highest on myself, by affirming that it is my
greatest ambition to be thought,

My Lord,

your Grace's most obliged,

and most obedient humble servant,

HENRY FIELDING.

THE MISER.

ORIGINALLY PLAUTUS, secondarily MOLIERE, thirdly SHADWELL, and fourthly our incomparable HENRY FIELDING, have dramatised this subject.

The present Play is that of the latter of these gentlemen—It is a free spirited translation, and keeps possession of the Stage.

To the mere translator of foreign productions but slender praise can be afforded—but when translation is performed by original genius, it acquires a native character, differing much from the unnatural flavour of forced exotics. Who would not, for instance, highly value a copy from MICHAEL ANGELO, by REYNOLDS?

We know not whether the passion is not driven further than observation upon life will warrant; but something must be allowed for the production of strong comic effect.

PROLOGUE.

Written by a FRIEND.

TOO long the slighted Comic Muse has mourn'd,
Her face quite alter'd and her art o'erturn'd;
That force of nature now no more she sees
With which so well her Jonson knew to please:
No characters from nature now we trace,
All serve to empty books of common-place:
Our modern bards who to assemblies stray,
Frequent the Park, the visit, or the play,
Regard not what fools do, but what wits say.
Just they retail each quibble to the Town,
That surely must admire what is its own.
Thus, without characters from nature got,
Without a moral, or without a plot,
A dull collection of insipid jokes,
Some stole from conversation, some from books,
Provided lords and ladies give 'em vent,
We call High Comedy, and seem content.
But, to regale with other sort of fare,
To-night the author treats you with Moliere;
Moliere! who Nature's inmost secrets knew,
Whose justest pen like Kneller's pencil drew;
In whose strong scenes all characters are shewn,
Not by low jests, but actions of their own.

Happy our English bard if your applause
Grant he 'as not injur'd the French author's cause.
From that alone arises all his fear:
He must be safe if he has sav'd Moliere.

Dramatis Personae.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

LOVEGOLD, *the Miser,*	Mr. Ryder.
FREDERICK, *his son,*	Mr. Farren,
CLERIMONT,	Mr. Macready.
RAMILIE, *servant to* Frederick,	Mr. Lewis.
Mr. DECOY, *a broker,*	Mr. Thompson.
Mr. FURNISH, *an upholsterer,*	Mr. Ledger.
Mr. SPARKLE, *a jeweller,*	Mr. Evatt.
Mr. SATIN, *a mercer,*	Mr. Lee.
Mr. LIST, *a tailor,*	Mr. C. Powell.
CHARLES BUBBLEBOY,	———
A LAWYER,	Mr. Rock.
JAMES,	Mr. Cubit.

Women.

HARRIET, Lovegold's *daughter,*	Mrs. Mountain.
Mrs. WISELY,	Miss Platt.
MARIANA,	Mrs. Mattocks.
LAPPET, *maid to* Mariana,	Mrs. Abington.
WHEEDLE,	Miss Stuart.

Servants, &c.

SCENE, London.

Dramatis Personæ.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

LOVEGOLD, *the Miser*,	Mr. Moss.
FREDERICK, *his son*,	Mr. Whitfield.
CLERIMONT,	Mr. Barrymore.
RAMILIE, *servant to* Frederick,	Mr. Palmer.
Mr. DECOY, *a broker*,	Mr. Fawcett.
Mr. FURNISH, *an upholsterer*,	Mr. Wrighten.
Mr. SPARKLE, *a jeweller*,	Mr. Phillimore.
Mr. SATIN, *a mercer*,	Mr. Norris.
Mr. LIST, *a tailor*,	Mr. Holcroft.
CHARLES BUBBLEBOY,	———
A LAWYER,	Mr. Chaplin.
JAMES,	Mr. Burton.

Women.

HARRIET, Lovegold's *daughter*,	Miss Collins.
Mrs. WISELY,	Mrs. Johnson.
MARIANA,	Mrs. Brereton.
LAPPET, *maid to* Mariana,	Miss Pope.
WHEEDLE,	Miss Kirby.

Servants, &c.

SCENE, London.

THE MISER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

LOVEGOLD's *House.* *Enter* LAPPET *and* RAMILIE.

Lappet.

I'LL hear no more. Perfidious fellow! have I for thee slighted so many good matches; have I for thee turn'd off Sir Oliver's steward and my Lord Landy's butler, and several others thy betters, and all to be affronted in so public a manner?

Ram. Do but hear me, Madam.

Lap. If thou wouldst have neglected me, was there nobody else to dance a minuet with but Mrs. Susan Cross-stich, whom you know to be my utter aversion?

Ram. Curse on all balls! henceforth I shall hate the sound of a violin.

Lap. I have more reason, I am sure, after having been the jest of the whole company: what must they

think of me when they see you, after having countenanced your addresses in the eye of the world, take out another lady before me?

Ram. I'm sure the world must think worse of me did they imagine, Madam, I could prefer any other to you.

Lap. None of your wheedling, Sir, that won't do. If ever you hope to speak to me more, let me see you affront the little minx in the next assembly you meet her.

Ram. I'll do it; and luckily, you know, we are to have a ball at my Lord Landy's the first night he lies out of town, where I'll give your revenge ample satisfaction.

Lap. On that condition I pardon you this time; but if ever you do the like again———

Ram. May I be banish'd for ever from those dear eyes, and be turn'd out of the family while you live in it.

Enter WHEEDLE.

Wheed. Dear Mrs. Lappet!

Lap. My dear! this is extremely kind.

Wheed. It is what all your acquaintance must do that expect to see you. It is in vain to hope for the favour of a visit.

Lap. Nay, dear creature! now you are barbarous. My young lady has staid at home so much, I have not had one moment to myself; the first time I had gone

out I am sure, Madam, would have been to wait on Mrs. Wheedle.

Wheed. My lady has staid at home too pretty much lately. Oh, Mr. Ramilie! are you confin'd too? Your master does not stay at home I am sure; he can find the way to our house tho' you can't.

Ram. That is the only happiness, Madam, I envy him: but faith I don't know how it is in this parliament time, one's whole days are so taken up in the Court of Requests, and one's evenings at quadrille, the deuce take me if I have seen one opera since I came to town. Oh! now I mention operas, if you have a mind to see Cato, I believe I can steal my master's silver ticket, for I know he is engag'd to-morrow with some gentlemen who never leave their bottle for music.

Lap. Ah, the savages!

Wheed. No one can say that of you, Mr. Ramilie; you prefer music to every thing———

Ram. ——But the ladies. [*Bell rings.*] So, there's my summons.

Lap. Well, but shall we never have a party of quadrille more?

Wheed. Oh, don't name it! I have work'd my eyes out since I saw you; for my lady has taken a whim of flourishing all her old cambrick pinners and handkerchiefs: in short, my dear! no journeywoman sempstress is half so much a slave as I am.

Lap. Why do you stay with her?

Wheed. La, child! where can one better one's self?

All the ladies of our acquaintance are just the same. Besides, there are some little things that make amends: my lady has a whole train of admirers.

Ram. That, Madam, is the only circumstance wherein she has the honour of resembling you. [*Bell rings louder.*] You hear, Madam, I am obliged to leave you——[*Bell rings.*] So, so, so: would the bell were in your guts! [*Exit* Ramilie.

Lap. Oh Wheedle! I am quite sick of this family; the old gentleman grows more covetous every day he lives. Every thing is under lock and key; I can scarce ask you to eat or drink.

Wheed. Thank you, my dear! but I have drank half-a-dozen dishes of chocolate already this morning.

Lap. Well, but, my dear! I have a whole budget of news to tell you. I have made some notable discoveries.

Wheed. Pray let us hear 'em. I have some secrets of our family too which you shall know by and by. What a pleasure there is in having a friend to tell these things to!

Lap. You know, my dear! last summer my young lady had the misfortune to be overset in a boat between Richmond and Twickenham, and that a certain young gentleman, plunging immediately into the water, sav'd her life at the hazard of his own——Oh! I shall never forget the figure she made at her return home, so wet, so draggled!——Ha, ha, ha!

Wheed. Yes, my dear! I know how all your fine

ladies look when they are never so little disordered—they have no need to be so vain of themselves.

Lap. You are no stranger to my master's way of rewarding people: when the poor gentleman brought Miss home, my master meets 'em at the door, and, without asking any question, very civilly shuts it against him. Well, for a whole fortnight afterwards I was continually entertained with the young spark's bravery, and gallantry, and generosity, and beauty.

Wheed. I can easily guess; I suppose she was rather warmed than cooled by the water. These mistresses of ours, for all their pride, are made of just the same flesh and blood as we are.

Lap. About a month ago my young lady goes to the play in an undress, and takes me with her. We sat in Burton's box, where, as the devil would have it, whom should we meet with but this very gentleman! Her blushes soon discovered to me who he was: in short, the gentleman entertained her the whole play, and I much mistake if ever she was so agreeably entertained in her life. Well, as we were going out, a rude fellow thrusts his hand into my lady's bosom, upon which her champion fell upon him, and did so maul him——My lady fainted away in my arms; but as soon as she came to herself—had you seen how she looked on him! Ah, Sir! says she, in a mighty pretty tone, sure you were born for my deliverance! He handed her into a hackney-coach, and set us down at home. From this moment letters began to fly on both sides.

Wheed. And you took care to see the post paid, I hope.

Lap. Never fear that—And now, what do you think we have contrived amongst us? We have got this very gentleman into the house in the quality of my master's clerk.

Wheed. Soh! here's fine billing and cooing I warrant; Miss is in a fine condition.

Lap. Her condition is pretty much as it was yet; how long it will continue so I know not. I am making up my matters as fast as I can, for this house holds not me after the discovery.

Wheed. I think you have no great reason to lament the loss of a place where the master keeps his own keys.

Lap. The devil take the first inventor of locks say I. But come, my dear! there is one key which I keep, and that I believe will furnish us with sweetmeats; so if you will walk in with me I'll tell you a secret which concerns your family. It is in your power, perhaps, to be serviceable to me. I hope, my dear! you will keep these secrets safe; for one would not have it known that one publishes all the affairs of a family while one stays in it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Garden. Enter CLERIMONT *and* HARRIET.

Cler. Why are you melancholy, my dear Harriet? do

you repent that promise of yours which has made me the happiest of mankind?

Har. You little know my heart, if you can think it capable of repenting any thing I have done towards your happiness: if I am melancholy, it is that I have it not in my power to make you as happy as I would.

" *Cler.* Thou art too bounteous; every tender word
" from those dear lips lays obligations on me I never
" can repay; but if to love, to dote on you more than
" life itself, to watch your eyes that I may obey your
" wishes before you speak them, can discharge me
" from any part of that vast debt I owe you, I will
" be punctual in the payment.

" *Har.* It were ungenerous in me to doubt you;
" and when I think what you have done for me, be-
" lieve me I must think the balance on your side."

Cler. Generous creature! and dost thou not for me hazard the eternal anger of your father, the reproaches of your family, the censures of the world, who always blame the conduct of the person who sacrifices interest to any consideration?

Har. As for the censures of the world, I despise them while I do not deserve them; folly is forwarder to censure wisdom than wisdom folly. I were weak indeed not to embrace real happiness because the world does not call it so.

Cler. But see, my dearest! your brother is come into the garden.

Har. Is it not safe, think you, to let him into our secret?

Cler. You know, by outwardly humouring your father in railing against the extravagance of young men, I have brought him to look on me as his enemy; it will be first proper to set him right in that point. Besides, in managing the old gentleman I shall still be obliged to a behaviour which the impatience of his temper may not bear, therefore I think it not adviseable to trust him, at least yet——he will observe us. Adieu, my heart's only joy! [*Exit.*

Har. Honest creature! What happiness may I propose in a life with such a husband! what is there in grandeur to recompense the loss of him? Parents choose as often ill for us as we do for ourselves: they are too apt to forget how seldom true happiness lives in a palace, or rides in a coach-and-six.

Enter FREDERICK.

Fred. Dear Harriet! good morrow: I am glad to find you alone, for I have an affair to impart to you that I am ready to burst with.

Har. You know, brother, I am a trusty confidant.

Fred. As ever wore petticoats; but this is an affair of such consequence———

Har. Or it were not worth your telling me.

Fred. Or your telling again: in short, you never could discover it; I could afford you ten years to guess it in. I am—you will laugh immoderately when you know it; I am—it is impossible to tell you; in a word —I am in love!

Har. In love!

Fred. Violently, to distraction; so much in love, that without more hopes than I at present see any possibility of obtaining, I cannot live three days.

Har. And has this violent distemper, pray, come upon you of a sudden?

Fred. No, I have bred it a long time: it hath been growing these several weeks. I stifled it as long as I could, but it is now come to a crisis, and I must either have the woman, or you will have no brother.

Har. But who is this woman? for you have conceal'd it so well that I can't even guess.

Fred. In the first place, she is a most intolerable coquette.

Har. That is a description I shall never find her out by, there are so many of her sisters; you might as well tell me the colour of her complexion.

Fred. Secondly, she is almost eternally at cards.

Har. You must come to particulars; I shall never discover your mistress till you tell me more than that she is a woman, and lives in this town.

Fred. Her fortune is very small.

Har. I find you are enumerating her charms.

Fred. Oh! I have only shewn you the reverse; but were you to behold the medal on the right side you would see beauty, wit, genteelness, politeness—in a word, you would see Mariana.

Har. Mariana! Ha, ha, ha! you have started a wild-goose chase indeed. But if you could ever prevail on her, you may depend on it it is an arrant impossibility to prevail on my father; and you may ea-

sily imagine what success a disinherited son may be likely to expect with a woman of her temper.

Fred. I know 'tis difficult, but nothing's impossible to love, at least nothing's impossible to woman; and therefore if you and the ingenious Mrs. Lappet will but lay your heads together in my favour, I shall be far from despairing; and in return, sister, for this kindness—

Har. And in return, brother, for this kindness, you may perhaps have it in your power to do me a favour of pretty much the same nature.

Love. [*without.*] Rogue! villain!

Har. So! what's the matter now? what can have thrown my father into this passion?

Fred. The loss of an old slipper I suppose, or something of equal consequence. Let us step aside into the next walk, and talk more of our affairs.

Enter LOVEGOLD *and* RAMILIE.

Love. Answer me not sirrah, but get you out of my house.

Ram. Sir, I am your son's servant, and not yours, Sir; and I won't go out of the house, Sir, unless I am turn'd out by my proper master, Sir.

Love. Sirrah, I'll turn your master out after you, like an extravagant rascal as he is; he has no need of a servant while he is in my house; and here he dresses out a fellow at more expence than a prudent man might clothe a large family at. It's plain enough what use he keeps you for; but I will have no spy

upon my affairs, no rascal continually prying into all my actions, devouring all I have, and hunting about in every corner to see what he may steal.

Ram. Steal! a likely thing indeed to steal from a man who locks up every thing he has, and stands sentry upon it day and night!

Love. I'm all over in a sweat lest this fellow should suspect something of my money. [*Aside.*] Hark'e, rascal, come hither: I would advise you not to run about the town, and tell every one you meet that I have money hid.

Ram. Why, have you any money hid, Sir?

Love. No, sirrah, I don't say I have; but you may raise such a report nevertheless.

Ram. 'Tis equal to me whether you have money hid or no, since I cannot find it.

Love. D'ye mutter sirrah? get you out of my house, I say, get you out this instant.

Ram. Well, Sir, I am going.

Love. Come back: let me desire you to carry nothing away with you.

Ram. What should I carry?

Love. That's what I would see. These bootsleeves were certainly intended to be the receivers of stolen goods, and I wish the tailor had been hang'd who invented them. Turn your pockets inside out if you please; but you are too practised a rogue to put any thing there. These damn'd bags have had many a good thing in them, I warrant you.

Ram. Give me my bag, Sir; I am in the most danger of being robbed.

Love. Come, come, be honest, and return what thou hast taken from me.

Ram. Ay, Sir, that I could do with all my heart, for I have taken nothing from you but some boxes on the ear.

Love. And hast thou really stolen nothing?

Ram. No, really, Sir.

Love. Then get out of my house while 'tis all well, and go to the devil.

Ram. Ay, any where from such an old covetous curmudgeon. [*Exit.*

Love. So there's one plague gone. Now I will go pay a visit to the dear casket.

Enter FREDERICK *and* HARRIET.

In short I must find some safer place to deposit those three thousand guineas in, which I received yesterday; three thousand guineas are a sum—Oh, Heavens! I have betray'd myself! my passion has transported me to talk aloud, and I have been overheard. How now! what's the matter?

Fred. The matter, Sir!

Love. Yes, the matter, Sir? I suppose you can repeat more of my words than these; I suppose you have overheard——

Fred. What Sir?

Love. That——

Fred. Sir!

Love. What I was just now saying.

Har. Pardon me, Sir, we really did not.

Love. Well, I see you did overhear something, and so I will tell you the whole: I was saying to myself in this great scarcity of money, what a happiness it would be to have three thousand guineas by one: I tell you this that you might not misunderstand me, and imagine that I said I had three thousand guineas.

Fred. We enter not into your affairs, Sir.

Love. Ah, would I had those three thousand guineas!

Fred. In my opinion——

Love. It would make my affairs extremely easy.

Fred. Then it is very easily in your power to raise 'em, Sir; that the whole world knows.

Love. I raise 'em! I raise three thousand guineas easily! My children are my greatest enemies, and will, by their way of talking, and by the extravagant expences they run into, be the occasion that one of these days somebody will cut my throat, imagining me to be made up of nothing but guineas.

Fred. What expence, Sir, do I run into?

Love. How have you the assurance to ask me that, Sir, when if one was but to pick those fine feathers of yours off from head to foot, one might purchase a very comfortable annuity out of them. A fellow here with a very good fortune upon his back, wonders that he is call'd extravagant! In short, Sir, you must rob me to appear in this manner.

Fred. How Sir! rob you?

Love. Ay, rob me, or how could you support this extravagance?

Fred. Alas, Sir! there are fifty young fellows of my acquaintance that support greater extravagancies, and no one knows how. Ah, Sir! there are ten thousand pretty ways of living in this town without robbing one's father.

Love. What necessity is there for all that lace on your coat? and all bought at the first hand too, I warrant you. If you will be fine, is there not such a place as Monmouth-street in this town, where a man may buy a suit for the third part of the sum which his tailor demands? And then periwigs! what need has a man of periwigs, when he may wear his own hair? "I dare swear a good periwig cann't cost less than "fifteen or twenty shillings." Heyday! what, are they making signs to one another which shall pick my pocket?

Har. My brother and I, Sir, are disputing which shall speak to you first, for we have both an affair of consequence to mention to you.

Love. And I have an affair of consequence to mention to you both. Pray Sir, you who are a fine gentleman, and converse much amongst the ladies, what think you of a certain young lady called Mariana?

Fred. Mariana, Sir!

Love. Ay, what do you think of her?

Fred. Think of her, Sir!

Love. Why do you repeat my words? Ay, what do you think of her?

Fred. Why I think her the most charming woman in the world.

Love. Would she not be a desirable match?

Fred. So desirable that, in my opinion, her husband will be the happiest of mankind.

Love. Does she not promise to make a good housewife?

Fred. Oh, the best housewife upon earth.

Love. Might not a husband, think ye, live very easy and happy with her?

Fred. Doubtless, Sir.

Love. There is one thing I'm a little afraid of, that is, that she has not quite as much fortune as one might fairly expect.

Fred. Oh, Sir! consider but her merit, and you may easily make an abatement in her fortune. For Heaven's sake, Sir, don't let that prevent your design. Fortune is nothing in comparison with her beauty and merit.

Love. Pardon me there; however, there may be some matters found, perhaps, to make up some little deficiency; and if you would, to oblige your father, retrench your extravagancies on this occasion, perhaps the difference in some time might be made up.

Fred. My dearest father! I'll bid adieu to all extravagance for ever.

Love. Thou art a dutiful good boy; and since I find you have the same sentiments with me, provided she can but make out a pretty tolerable fortune, I am even resolved to marry her.

Fred. Ha! you resolved to marry Mariana!

Love. Ay, to marry Mariana.

Har. Who? you, you, you!

Love. Yes, I, I, I.

Fred. I beg you will pardon me, Sir; a sudden dizziness has seized me, and I must beg leave to retire. [*Exit* Fred.

Love. This, daughter, is what I have resolved for myself; as for your brother, I have a certain widow in my eye for him; and you, my dear! shall marry our good neighbour Mr. Spindle.

Har. I marry Mr. Spindle!

Love. Yes; he is a prudent wise man, not much above fifty, and has a great fortune in the funds.

Har. I thank you, my dear papa! but I had rather not marry if you please. [*Curtesying.*

Love. [*mimicking her curtesy.*] I thank you, my good daughter! but I had rather you should marry him if you please.

Har. Pardon me, dear Sir!

Love. Pardon me, dear Madam!

Har. Not all the fathers upon earth shall force me to it.

Love. Did ever mortal hear a girl talk in this manner to her father!

Har. Did ever father attempt to marry his daughter after such a manner! In short, Sir, I have ever been obedient to you; but as this affair concerns my happiness only, and not yours, I hope you will give me leave to consult my own inclination.

Love. I would not have you provoke me; I am resolved upon the match.

Enter CLERIMONT.

Cler. Some people, Sir, upon justice-business, desire to speak with your worship.

Love. I can attend to no business, this girl has so perplexed me. Hussy, you shall marry as I would have you, or—

Cler. Forgive my interposing: dear Sir! what's the matter? Madam, let me entreat you not to put your father into a passion.

Love. Clerimont, you are a prudent young fellow. Here's a baggage of a daughter who refuses the most advantageous match that ever was offered both to her and to me: a man of a vast estate offers to take her without a portion!

Cler. Without a portion! Consider, dear Madam! can you refuse a gentleman who offers to take you without a portion?

Love. Ay, consider what that saves your father.

Har. Yes, but I consider what I am to suffer.

Cler. That's true indeed; you will think on that, Sir. Though money be the first thing to be considered in all the affairs of life, yet some little regard should be had in this case to inclination.

Love. Without a portion.

Cler. You are in the right, Sir, that decides the thing at once: and yet I know there are people who, on this occasion, object against a disparity of age and

temper, which too often make the married state utterly miserable.

Love. Without a portion.

Cler. Ah! there's no answering that——"Who "can oppose such a reason as that?" And yet there are several parents who study the inclinations of their children more than any other thing, that would by no means sacrifice them to interest, "and who esteem, "as the very first article of marriage, that happy "union of affections which is the foundation of "every blessing attending on a married state—— "and who——"

Love. Without a portion.

Cler. Very true; that stops your mouth at once—— "Without a portion!" Where is the person who can find an argument against that?

Love. Ha! is not that the barking of a dog? some villains are in search of my money.—Don't stir from hence; I'll return in an instant. [*Exit* Love.

Cler. My dearest Harriet! how shall I express the agony I am in on your account?

Har. Be not too much alarmed, since you may depend on my resolution. It may be in the power of Fortune to delay our happiness, but no power shall force me to destroy your hopes by any other match.

Cler. Thou kindest lovely creature!

Enter LOVEGOLD.

Love. Thank Heaven, it was nothing but my fear.

Cler. Yes, a daughter must obey her father; she is

not to consider the shape, or the air, or the age, of a husband; but when a man offers to take her without a portion, she is to have him, let him be what he will.

Love. Admirably well said, indeed!

Cler. Madam, I ask your pardon if my love for yourself and family carries me a little too far. Be under no concern; I dare swear I shall bring her to it. [*To* Lovegold.

Love. Do, do; I'll go in and see what these people want with me. Give her a little more now while she's warm; you will be time enough to draw the warrant.

Cler. "When a lover offers, Madam, to take a "daughter without a portion, one should inquire no "further; every thing is contained in that one arti- "cle, and without a portion supplies the want of "beauty, youth, family, wisdom, honour, and ho- "nesty."

Love. "Gloriously said, spoke like an oracle!" [*Exit.*

Cler. So, once more we are alone together. Believe me this is a most painful hypocrisy; "it tor- "tures me to oppose your opinion, though I am not "in earnest, nor suspected by you of being so. Oh "Harriet! how is the noble passion of love abused "by vulgar souls who are incapable of tasting its de- "licacies!" When love is great as mine

None can its pleasures or its pains declare;
We can but feel how exquisite they are. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Continues. *Enter* FREDERICK, RAMILIE.

Frederick.

WHAT is the reason, sirrah, you have been out of the way, when I gave you orders to stay here?

Ram. Yes, Sir, and here did I stay, according to your orders, till your good father turn'd me out; and it is, Sir, at the extreme hazard of a cudgel that I return back again.

Fred. Well, Sir, and what answer have you brought touching the money?

Ram. Ah, Sir, it is a terrible thing to borrow money! a man must have dealt with the devil, to deal with a scrivener.

Fred. Then it won't do, I suppose.

Ram. Pardon me, sir, Mr. Decoy the broker is a most industrious person; he says he has done every thing in his power to serve you, for he has taken a particular fancy to your honour.

Fred. So then I shall have the five hundred, shall I?

Ram. Yes, Sir; but there are some trifling conditions which your honour must submit to before the affair can be finished.

Fred. Did he bring you to the speech of the person that is to lend the money?

Ram. Ah, Sir! things are not managed in that manner; he takes more care to conceal himself than you do; there are greater mysteries in these matters than you imagine; why, he would not so much as tell me the lender's name, and he is to bring him to-day to talk with you in some third person's house, to learn from your own mouth the particulars of your estate and family. I dare swear the very name of your father will make all things easy.

Fred. Chiefly the death of my mother, whose jointure no one can hinder me of.

Ram. Here, Sir, I have brought the articles; Mr. Decoy told me he took 'em from the mouth of the person himself. Your honour will find them extremely reasonable——" the broker was forced to " stickle hard to get such good ones." In the first place, the lender is to see all his securities, and the borrower must be of age, and heir apparent to a large estate without flaw in the title, and entirely free from all encumbrance; and, that the lender may run as little risk as possible, the borrower must ensure his life for the sum lent; if he be an officer in the army he is to make over his whole pay for the payment of both principal and interest, which, that the lender may not burden his conscience with any scruples, is to be no more than thirty *per cent.*

Fred. Oh the conscientious rascal!

Ram. But as the said lender has not by him at present the sum demanded, and that to oblige the borrower he is himself forced to borrow of another at the

rate of four *per cent.* he thinks it but reasonable that the first borrower, over and above the thirty *per cent.* aforesaid, shall also pay this four *per cent.* since it is for his service only that this sum is borrowed.

Fred. Oh the devil! what a Jew is here?

Ram. You know, Sir, what you have to do—he can't oblige you to these terms.

Fred. Nor can I oblige him to lend me the money without them; and you know that I must have it, let the conditions be what they will.

Ram. Ay Sir; why that was what I told him.

Fred. Did you so, rascal? No wonder he insists on such conditions, if you laid open my necessities to him.

Ram. Alas, Sir, I only told it to the broker, who is your friend, and has your interest very much at heart.

Fred. Well, is this all, or are there any more reasonable articles?

Ram. Of the five hundred pounds required, the lender can pay down in cash no more than four hundred, and for the rest the borrower must take in goods, of which here follows the catalogue.

Fred. What, in the devil's name, is the meaning of all this?

Ram. Imprimis, " one large yellow camblet bed, " lined with satin, very little eaten by the moths, " and wanting only one curtain; six stuffed chairs " of the same, a little torn, and the frames worm- " eaten, otherwise not in the least the worse for " wearing; one large pier-glass, with only one

" crack in the middle; one suit of tapestry hangings,
" in which are curiously wrought the loves of Mars
" and Venus, Venus and Adonis, Cupid and Psyche,
" with many other amorous stories, which make the
" hangings very proper for a bedchamber.

" *Fred.* What the devil is here!

Ram. " *Item,* one suit of drugget with silver but-
" tons, the buttons only the worse for wearing; *item,*
" two musquets, one of which only wants the lock;"
one large silver watch, with Tompion's name to it; one snuff-box, with a picture in it, bought at Mr. Deard's, a proper present for a mistress; five pictures without frames, if not originals, all copies by good hands; and one fine frame without a picture.

Fred. Oons! what use have I for all this?

Ram. Several valuable books, amongst which are all the journals printed for these five years last past, handsomely bound and lettered——the whole works in divinity of ——

Fred. Read no more! confound the curst extortioner! I shall pay one hundred *per cent.*

Ram. Ah, Sir! I wish your honour would consider of it in time.

Fred. I must have money. To what straits are we reduced by the curst avarice of fathers! well may we wish them dead, when their death is the only introduction to our living.

Ram. Such a father as yours, Sir, is enough to make one do something more than wish him dead. " For
" my part, I have never had any inclinations towards

"hanging; and I thank Heaven I have lived to see "whole sets of my companions swing out of the "world, while I have had address enough to quit "all manner of gallantries the moment I smelt the "halter." I have always had an utter aversion to the smell of hemp; but this rogue of a father of yours, Sir——Sir, I ask your pardon——has so provoked me, that I have often wished to rob him, and rob him I shall in the end, that's certain.

Fred. Give me that paper, that I may consider a little these moderate articles.

Enter LOVEGOLD *and* DECOY.

Decoy. In short, Sir, he is a very extravagant young fellow, and so pressed by his necessities that you may bring him to what terms you please.

Love. But do you think, Mr. Decoy, there is no danger? do you know the name, the family, and the estate, of the borrower?

Decoy. No, I cannot give you any perfect information yet, for it was by the greatest accident in the world that he was recommended to me; but you will learn all these particulars from his own lips, and his man assured me you would make no difficulty the moment you knew the name of his father: all that I can tell you is, that his servant says the old gentleman is extremely rich; he called him a covetous old rascal.

Love. Ay, that is the name which these spendthrifts, and the rogues their servants, give to all honest pru-

dent men who know the world and the value of their money.

Decoy. This young gentleman is an only son, and is so little afraid of any future competitors, that he offers to be bound, if you insist on it, that his father shall die within these eight months.

Love. Ay! there's something in that; I believe then I shall let him have the money. Charity, Mr. Decoy, charity, obliges us to serve our neighbours, I say, when we are no losers by so doing.

Decoy. Very true indeed.

Ram. Heyday! what can be the meaning of this? our broker talking with the old gentleman!

Decoy. So, gentlemen! I see you are in great haste: but who told you, pray, that this was the lender? I assure you, Sir, I neither discovered your name nor your house: but, however, there is no great harm done; they are people of discretion, so you may freely transact the affair now.

Love. How!

Decoy. This, Sir, is the gentleman that wants to borrow the five hundred pounds I mentioned to you.

Love. How, rascal! is it you that abandon yourself to these intolerable extravagancies?

Fred. I must even stand buff, and outface him. [*Aside*.]——And is it you, father, that disgrace yourself by these scandalous extortions?

[Ramilie *and* Decoy *sneak off*.

Love. Is it you that would ruin yourself by taking up money at such an interest?

Fred. Is it you that would enrich yourself by lending at such interest?

Love. How dare you, after this, appear before my face?

Fred. How dare you, after this, appear before the face of the world?

Love. Get you out of my sight, villain! get out of my sight.

Fred. Sir, I go; but give me leave to say——

Love. I'll not hear a word: I'll prevent your attempting any thing of this nature for the future.—Get out of my sight, villain!—I am not sorry for this accident; it will make me henceforth keep a stricter eye over his actions. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in LOVEGOLD'*s House.* *Enter* HARRIET *and* MARIANA.

Mar. Nay, Harriet, you must excuse me, for of all people upon earth you are my greatest favourite: but I have had such an intolerable cold, child, that it is a miracle I have recovered; for, my dear! would you think I have had no less than three doctors?

Har. Nay, then it is a miracle you recovered, indeed.

Mar. Oh, child, doctors will never do me any

harm; I never take any thing they prescribe: I don't know how it is; when one's ill one can't help sending for them; and you know my dear! my mamma loves physic better than she does any thing but cards.

Har. Were I to take as much of cards as you do I don't know which I should nauseate most.

Mar. Oh, child, you are quite a Tramontane; I must bring you to like dear spadille. I protest, Harriet, if you would take my advice in some things, you would be the most agreeable creature in the world.

Har. Nay, my dear! I am in a fair way of being obliged to obey your commands.

Mar. That would be the happiest thing in the world for you; and I dare swear you would like them extremely, for they would be exactly opposite to every command of your father's.

Har. By that now one would think you were married already.

Mar. Married, my dear!

Har. Oh, I can tell you of such a conquest! you will have such a lover within these four-and-twenty hours!

Mar. I am glad you have given me timely notice of it, that I may turn off somebody to make room for him; "but I believe I have listed him already." Oh Harriet! I have been so plagued, so pestered, so fatigued, since I saw you, with that dear creature your brother—In short, child, he has made arrant downright love to me; if my heart had not been

harder than adamant itself, I had been your sister by this time.

Har. And if your heart be not harder than adamant you will be in a fair way of being my mother shortly, for my good father has this very day declared such a passion for you——

Mar. Your father!

Har. Ay, my dear! what say you to a comely old gentleman of not much above threescore, that loves you so violently? I dare swear he will be constant to you all his days.

Mar. Ha, ha, ha! I shall die. Ha, ha, ha! you extravagant creature! how could you throw away all this jest at once? it would have furnished a prudent person with an annuity of laughter for life. Oh! I am charmed with my conquest; I am quite in love with him already: I never had a lover yet above half his age.

Har. Lappet and I have laid a delightful plot, if you will but come into it, and counterfeit an affection for him.

Mar. Why, child, I have a real affection for him. Oh, methinks I see you on your knees already—Pray, Mamma, please to give me your blessing. Oh, I see my loving bridegroom "in his threefold nightcap, "his flannel shirt; methinks" I see him approach me with all the loving gravity of age; I hear him whisper charming sentences of morality in my ear, "more "instructive than all my grandmother e'er taught "me." Oh! I smell him sweeter, oh! sweeter

than even hartshorn itself! Ha, ha, ha! See, child, how beautiful a fond imagination can paint a lover: "would not any one think now we had been a happy "couple together Heaven knows how long?"

Har. Well, you dear mad creature! but do you think you can maintain any of this fondness to his face? for I know some women who speak very fondly of a husband to other people, but never say one civil thing to the man himself.

Mar. Oh, never fear it; one can't indeed bring one's self to be civil to a young lover; but as for these old fellows, I think one may play as harmlessly with them as with one another. Young fellows are perfect bears, and must be kept at a distance; the old ones are mere lapdogs, and when they have agreeable tricks with them one is equally fond of both.

Har. Well, but now I hope you will give me leave to speak a word or two seriously in favour of my poor brother.

Mar. Oh, I shall hate you if you are serious. Oh! see what your wicked words have occasioned: I protest you are a conjurer, and certainly deal with the devil.

Enter FREDERICK.

Har. Oh brother! I am glad you are come to plead your own cause; I have been your solicitor in your absence.

Fred. I am afraid, like other clients, I shall plead much worse for myself than my advocate has done.

Mar. Persons who have a bad cause should have very artful counsel.

Fred. When the judge is determined against us, all art will prove of no effect.

Mar. Why then, truly, Sir, in so terrible a situation, I think the sooner you give up the cause the better.

Fred. No, Madam, I am resolved to persevere; for when one's whole happiness is already at stake, I see nothing more can be hazarded in the pursuit. It might be perhaps a person's interest to give up a cause wherein part of his fortune was concerned, but when the dispute is about the whole he can never lose by persevering.

Mar. Do you hear him, Harriet? I fancy this brother of yours would have made a most excellent lawyer. I protest when he is my son-in-law I'll send him to the Temple: tho' he begins a little late, yet diligence may bring him to be a great man.

Fred. I hope, Madam, diligence may succeed in love as well as law: sure Mariana is not a more crabbed study than Coke upon Lyttleton!

Mar. Oh, the wretch! he has quite suffocated me with his comparison; I must have a little air: dear Harriet! let us walk in the garden.

Fred. I hope, Madam, I have your leave to attend you?

Mar. My leave! no, indeed, you have no leave of mine; but if you will follow me, I know no way to hinder you. [*Exeunt.*

" *Har.* Ah, brother; I wish you had no greater " enemy in this affair than your mistress."

SCENE III.

A Garden. Enter RAMILIE *and* LAPPET.

Lap. This was indeed a most unlucky accident; however, I dare lay a wager I shall succeed better with him, and get some of those guineas you would have borrowed.

Ram. I am not, Madam, now to learn Mrs. Lappet's dexterity; but if you get any thing out of him I shall think you a match for the devil. Sooner than to extract gold from him I would engage to extract religion from a hypocrite, honesty from a lawyer, health from a physician, sincerity from a courtier, or modesty from a poet. I think, my dear! you have liv'd long enough in this house to know that gold is a dear commodity here.

Lap. Ah, but there are some certain services which will squeeze it out of the closest hands. There is one trade which, I thank Heaven, I'm no stranger to, wherein all men are dabblers; and he who will scarce afford himself either meat or clothes, will still pay for the commodities I deal in.

Ram. Your humble servant, Madam; I find you don't know our good master yet; " there is not a " woman in the world who loves to hear her pretty " self talk never so much, but you may easier shut

" her mouth than open his hands; as for thanks, " praises, and promises, no courtier upon earth is " more liberal of them; but for money, the devil a " penny: there's nothing so dry as his caresses; and" there is no husband who hates the word Wife half so much as he does the word Give: instead of saying I give you a good-morrow, he always says I lend you a good-morrow.

Lap. Ah, Sir! let me alone to drain a man; I have the secret to open his heart and his purse too.

Ram. I defy you to drain the man we talk of of his money; he loves that more than any thing you can procure him in exchange: " the very sight of a dun " throws him into convulsions; 'tis touching him in " the only sensible part! 'tis piercing his heart, tear- " ing out his vitals, to ask him for a farthing;" but here he is, and if you get a shilling out of him I'll marry you without any other fortune. [*Exit.*

Enter LOVEGOLD.

Love. All's well hitherto; my dear money is safe. Is it you Lappet?

Lap. I should rather ask if it be you, Sir? Why, you look so young and vigorous——

Love. Do I, do I!

Lap. Why, you grow younger and younger every day, Sir; you never looked half so young in your life, Sir, as you do now. Why, Sir, I know fifty young fellows of five-and-twenty that are older than you are.

Love. That may be, that may be, Lappet, consider-

ing the lives they lead; and yet I am a good ten years above fifty.

Lap. Well; and what's ten years above fifty? 'tis the very flower of a man's age. Why, Sir, you are now in the very prime of your life.

Love. Very true, that's very true, as to understanding; but I am afraid could I take off twenty years it would do me no harm with the ladies, Lappet. How goes on our affair with Mariana? have you mentioned any thing about what her mother can give her? for now-a-days nobody marries a woman unless she brings something with her besides her petticoat.

Lap. Sir! why, Sir, this young lady will be worth to you as good a thousand pounds a-year as ever was told.

Love. How! a thousand pounds a-year.

Lap. Yes, Sir; there's, in the first place, the article of a table; she has a very little stomach, she does not eat above an ounce in a fortnight; and then as to the quality of what she eats you'll have no need of a French-cook upon her account; as for sweetmeats, she mortally hates them; so there is the article of desserts wiped off all at once—you'll have no need of a confectioner, who would be eternally bringing in bills for preserves, conserves, biscuits, comfits, and jellies, of which half-a-dozen ladies would swallow you ten pounds worth at a meal; this, I think, we may very moderately reckon at two hundred pounds a-year at least. *Item*, for clothes; she has been bred up in such a plainness in them, that should we allow but for

three birth night suits a year saved, which are the least a town lady would expect, there go a good two hundred pounds a-year more; for jewels, (of which she hates the very sight) the yearly interest of what you must lay out in them would amount to one hundred pounds. Lastly, she has an utter detestation for play, at which I have known several moderate ladies lose a good two thousand pounds a-year; now let us take only the fourth part of that, which amounts to five hundred, to which if we add two hundred pounds on the table account, two hundred pounds in clothes, and one hundred pounds in jewels, there is, Sir, your thousand pounds a-year in hard money.

Love. Ay, ay, these are pretty things it must be confess'd, very pretty things; but there's nothing real in 'em.

Lap. How, Sir! is it not something real to bring you in marriage a vast store of sobriety, the inheritance of a great love for simplicity of dress, and a vast acquired fund of hatred for play?

Love. This is downright raillery, Lappet, to make me up a fortune out of the expences she won't put me to; I assure you, Madam, I shall give no acquittance for what I have not received: in short, Lappet, I must touch, touch, touch, something real.

Lap. Never fear, you shall touch something real. I have heard them talk of a certain country where she has a very pretty freehold, which shall be put into your hands.

Love. Nay, if it were a copyhold I should be glad

to touch it: but there is another thing that disturbs me. You know this girl is young, and young people generally love one another's company: it would ill agree with a person of my temper to keep an assembly for all the young rakes and flaunting girls in town.

Lap. Ah, Sir, how little do you know of her! this is another particularity that I had to tell you of: she has a most terrible aversion for all young people, and loves none but persons of your years. I would advise you above all things to take care not to appear too young; she insists on sixty at least: *why, she broke off a match t'other day because her lover was but fifty, and pretended to sign the marriage articles without spectacles.*

Love. This humour is a little strange, methinks.

Lap. She carries it farther, Sir, than can be imagin'd: she has in her chamber several pictures, but what do you think they are? none of your smock-faced young fellows, your Adonises, your Cephaluses, your Parises, and your Apollos: no, Sir; you see nothing there but your handsome figures of Saturn, King Priam, old Nestor, and good father Anchises upon his son's shoulders.

Love. Admirable! this is more than I could have hoped. To say the truth, had I been a woman I should never have loved young fellows.

Lap. I believe you. Pretty sort of stuff indeed to be in love with young fellows! Pretty masters indeed, with their fine complexions and their fine feathers!

Now, I should be glad to taste the savour that is in any of them. [*Here* Lappet *introduces a song.*

Love. And do you really think me pretty tolerable?

Lap. Tolerable! you are ravishing; if your picture were drawn by a good hand, Sir, it would be invaluable! "Turn about a little if you please: there, "what can be more charming!" Let me see you walk; there's a person for you! tall, straight, free, and degagee! Why, Sir, you have no fault about you.

Love. Not many; hem, hem; not many, I thank Heaven; only a few rheumatic pains now and then, and a small catarrh that seizes me sometimes.

Lap. Ah Sir, that's nothing; your catarrh sits very well upon you, and you cough with a very good grace.

Love. But tell me, what does Mariana say of my person?

Lap. She has a particular pleasure in talking of it; and I assure you, Sir, I have not been backward on all such occasions to blazon forth your merit, and to make her sensible how advantageous a match you will be to her.

Love. You did very well, and I am obliged to you.

Lap. But, Sir, I have a small favour to ask of you —I have a lawsuit depending, which I am on the very brink of losing for want of a little money; [*He looks gravely.*] and you could easily procure my success if you had the least friendship for me. You can't imagine, Sir, the pleasure she takes in talking of you.

[*He looks pleased.*]——Ah! how you will delight her! how your venerable mien will charm her! she will never be able to withstand you.——But indeed, Sir, this lawsuit will be of a terrible consequence to me. [*He looks grave again.*] I am ruined if I lose it, which a very small matter would prevent. Ah, Sir, had you but seen the raptures with which she has heard me talk of you! [*He resumes his gaiety.*] how pleasure sparkled in her eyes at the recital of your good qualities! in short, to discover a secret to you which I promised to conceal, I have worked up her imagination till she is downright impatient of having the match concluded.

Love. Lappet, you have acted a very friendly part, and I own that I have all the obligations in the world to you.

Lap. I beg you would give me this little assistance, Sir; [*He looks serious.*] it will set me on my feet, and I shall be eternally obliged you.

Love. Farewell; I'll go and finish my dispatches.

Lap. I assure you, Sir, you could never assist me in a greater necessity.

Love. I must go give some orders about a particular affair——

Lap. I would not importune you, Sir, if I was not forced by the last extremity.

Love. I expect the tailor about turning my coat. Don't you think this coat will look well enough turn'd, with new buttons, for a wedding suit?

Lap. For pity's sake, Sir, don't refuse me this small

favour: I shall be undone, indeed, Sir: if it were but so small a matter as ten pounds, Sir.

Love. I think i hear the tailor's voice.

Lap. If it were but five pounds, Sir; but three pounds, Sir: nay, Sir, a single guinea would be of service for a day or two.

[*As he offers to go out on either side she intercepts him.*

Love. I must go; I can't stay. Hark there, somebody calls me. I'm very much obliged to you; indeed I am very much obliged to you. [*Exit.*

Lap. Go to the gallows, to the devil, like a covetous good-for-nothing villain as you are! Ramilie is in the right: however, I shall not quit the affair; for tho' I get nothing out of him, I am sure of my reward from the other side.

Fools only to one party will confide,
Good politicians will both parties guide,
And if one falls, they're fee'd on t'other side. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Continues. Enter HARRIET, FREDERICK, *and* CLERIMONT.

Frederick.

I THINK, Sir, you have given my sister a very substantial proof of your affection. I am sorry you could have had such a suspicion of me as to imagine I could

have been an enemy to one who has approved himself a gentleman and a lover.

Cler. If any thing, Sir, could add to my misfortunes, it would be to be thus obliged without having any prospect of repaying the obligation.

Fred. Every word you speak is a farther conviction to me that you are what you have declared yourself; "for there is something in a generous education which "it is impossible for persons who want that happi-"ness to counterfeit;" therefore henceforth I beg you to believe me sincerely your friend.

Har. Come, come, pray a truce with your compliments, for I hear my father's cough coming this way.

Enter LOVEGOLD.

Love. So, so, this is just as I would have it. Let me tell you, children, this is a prudent young man, and you cannot converse too much with him: he will teach you, Sir, for all you hold your head so high, better sense than to borrow money at fifty per cent. And you, Madam, I dare say he will infuse good things into you too, if you will but hearken to him.

Fred. While you live, Sir, we shall want no other instructor.

Love. Come hither, Harriet, you know to-night I have invited our friend and neighbour Mr. Spindle. Now I intend to take this opportunity of saving the expence of another entertainment, by inviting Mariana and her mother; for I observe that, take what care one will, there is always more victuals provided

on these occasions than is eat; and an additional guest makes no additional expence.

Cler. Very true, Sir; besides, tho' they were to rise hungry, no one ever calls for more at another person's table.

Love. Right, honest Clerimont, and to rise with an appetite is one of the wholesomest things in the world. Harriet, I would have you go immediately and carry the invitation; you may walk thither, and they will bring you back in a coach.

Har. I shall obey you, Sir.

Love. Go; that's my good girl. And you, Sir, I desire would behave civilly at supper.

Fred. Why should you suspect me, Sir?

Love. I know, Sir, with what eyes such sparks as you look upon a mother-in-law; but if you hope for my forgiveness of your late exploit, I would advise you to behave to her in the most affectionate manner imaginable.

Fred. I cannot promise, Sir, to be overjoy'd at her being my mother-in-law; but this I will promise you, I will be as civil to her as you could wish: I will behold her with as much affection as you can desire me; that is an article upon which you may be sure of a most punctual obedience.

Love. That I think is the least I can expect.

Fred. Sir, you shall have no reason to complain.

Enter JAMES.

James. Did you send for me, Sir?

Love. Where have you been? for I have wanted you above an hour.

James. Whom, Sir, did you want? your coachman or your cook? for I am both one and t'other.

Love. I want my cook, Sir.

James. I thought indeed it was not your coachman; for you have had no great occasion for him since your last pair of geldings were starved—but your cook, Sir, shall wait on you in an instant.

[*Puts off his coachman's great coat, and appears as a cook.*

Love. What's the meaning of this folly?

James. I am ready for your commands, Sir.

Love. I am engaged this evening to give a supper.

James. A supper, Sir! I have not heard the word this half year; I have indeed now and then heard of such a thing as a dinner; but for a supper, I have not dress'd one so long, that I am afraid my hand is out.

Love. Leave off your saucy jesting, sirrah, and see that you provide me a good supper.

James. That may be done, Sir, with a good deal of money.

Love. What, is the devil in you? always money. Can you say nothing else but Money, money, money? All my servants, my children, my relations, can pronounce no other word than Money?

Cler. I never heard so ridiculous an answer. "Here's a miracle for you indeed, to make a good "supper with a good deal of money! Is there any "thing so easy? is there any one who can't do it?"

Would a man shew himself to be a good cook, he must make a good supper out of a little money.

James. I wish you would be so good, Sir, as to shew us that art, and take my office of cook upon yourself.

" *Love*. Peace, sirrah, and tell me what we can have.

" *James*. There's a gentleman, Sir, who can fur-
" nish you out a good supper with a little money.

" *Love*. Answer me yourself.

James. " Why, Sir," how many will there be at table ?

Love. About eight or ten; but I will have a supper dress'd but for eight; for if there be enough for eight there is enough for ten.

James. Suppose, Sir, you have at one end of the table a good handsome soup; at the other a fine Westphalia ham and chickens; on one side a fillet of veal roasted, and on the other a turkey, or rather a bustard, which I believe may be bought for a guinea or thereabouts.

Love. What! is the fellow providing an entertainment for my lord mayor and the court of aldermen!

James. Then, Sir, for the second course a leash of pheasants, a leash of fat poulards, half a dozen partridges, one dozen of quails, two dozen of ortolans, three dozen———

Love. [*Putting his hand before* James's *mouth*.] Ah, villain! you are eating up all I am worth.

James. Then a ragout——

Love. [*Stopping his mouth again.*] Hold your extravagant tongue, sirrah.

Cler. Have you a mind to burst them all? "has "my master invited people to cram 'em to death? "or do you think his friends have a mind to eat him "up at one supper?" Such servants as you, Mr. James, should be often reminded of that excellent saying of a very wise man, We must eat to live, not live to eat.

Love. Excellently well said, indeed! it is the finest sentence I ever heard in my life. We must live to eat, and not eat to—No, that is not it; how did you say?

Cler. That we must eat to live, and not live to eat.

Love. Extremely fine! pray write them out for me, for I'm resolved to have them done in letters of gold, or black and white rather, over my hall chimney.

James. You have no need to do any more, Sir; people talk enough of you already.

Love. Pray, Sir, what do people say of me?

James. Ah, Sir! if I could but be assur'd that you would not be angry with me—

Love. Not at all; so far from it, you will very much oblige me, for I am always very glad to hear what the world says of me.

James. Well, Sir, then, since you will have it, I will tell you freely that they make a jest of you every where, nay of your very servants upon your account. They make ten thousand stories of you; one says

that you have always a quarrel ready with your servants at quarter-day, or when they leave you, in order to find an excuse to give them nothing; another says that you were taken one night stealing your own oats from your own horses, for which your coachman very handsomely belaboured your back; in a word, Sir, one can go no where, where you are not the by-word; you are the laughing-stock of all the world; and you are never mentioned but by the names of covetous, scraping, stingy——

Love. Impertinent, impudent rascal! beat him for me, Clerimont.

"*Cler*. Are you not ashamed, Mr. James, to give "your master this language?

"*James*. What's that to you, Sir?—I fancy this fel-"low's a coward; if he be I will handle him."

Cler. It does not become a servant to use such language to his master.

James. Who taught you, Sir, what becomes? If you trouble your head with my business I shall thresh your jacket for you. If I once take a stick in hand I shall teach you to hold your tongue for the future, I believe. If you offer to say another word to me I'll break your head for you.

[*Drives* Clerimont *to the farther end of the stage.*

Cler. How, rascal! break my head!

James. I did not say I'd break your head.

[Clerimont *drives him back again.*

Cler. Do you know, sirrah, that I shall break yours for this impudence?

"*James.* I hope not, Sir: I give you no offence, Sir.

"*Cler.* That I shall shew you the difference be-
"tween us."

James. Ha, ha, ha! Sir, I was but in jest.

Cler. Then I shall warn you to forbear these jests for the future. [*Kicks him off the stage.*

James. Nay, Sir, can't you take a jest? Why, I was but in jest all the while.

Love. How happy am I in such a clerk!

Cler. You may leave the ordering of the supper to me, Sir; I will take care of that.

Love. Do so: see and provide something to cloy their stomachs: let there be two great dishes of soup-meagre; a good large suet pudding; some dainty fat pork pie or pasty; a fine small breast of mutton, not too fat; a sallad, and a dish of artichokes, which will make plenty and variety enough.

Cler. I shall take a particular care, Sir, to provide every thing to your satisfaction.

Love. But be sure there be plenty of soup, be sure of that—This is a most excellent young fellow!—But now will I go pay a visit to my money. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Street. RAMILIE *and* LAPPET *meeting.*

Ram. Well, Madam, what success? "Have I been
"a false prophet, and have you come at the old

" hunks's purse? or have I spoke like an oracle, and " he is as close-fisted as usual?"

Lap. Never was a person of my function so used; all my rhetoric availed nothing. While I was talking to him about the lady, he smiled and was pleased, but the moment I mentioned money to him, his countenance chang'd, and he understood not one word that I said. But now, Ramilie, what do you think this affair is that I am transacting?

Ram. Nay, Mrs. Lappet, now you are putting too severe a task upon me. How is it possible, in the vast variety of affairs which you honour with taking into your hands, that I should be able to guess which is so happy to employ your immediate thoughts?

Lap. Let me tell you then, sweet Sir! that I am transacting an affair between your master's mistress and his father.

Ram. What affair, pr'ythee?

Lap. What should it be but the old one, matrimony? In short, your master and his father are rivals.

Ram. I am glad on't, and I wish the old gentleman success with all my heart.

Lap. How! are you your master's enemy?

Ram. No, Madam, I am so much his friend that I had rather he should lose his mistress than his humble servant, which must be the case, for I am determined against a married family. I will never be servant to any man who is not his own master.

Lap. Why truly, when one considers the case thoroughly, I must be of opinion that it would be more

your master's interest to be this lady's son-in-law than her husband; for, in the first place, she has but little fortune; and if she were once married to his son, I dare swear the old gentleman would never forgive the disappointment of his love.

Ram. And is the old gentleman in love?

Lap. Oh, profoundly! delightfully! oh that you had but seen him as I have; with his feet tottering, his eyes watering, his teeth chattering! his old trunk was shaken with a fit of love just as if it had been a fit of an ague.

Ram. He will have more cold fits than hot I believe.

Lap. Is it not more advantageous for him to have a mother-in-law that should open his father's heart to him, than a wife that would shut it against him? Besides, it will be better for us all; for if the husband were as covetous as the devil, he could not stop the hands of an extravagant wife: she will always have it in her power to reward them who keep her secrets; and when the husband is old enough to be the wife's grandfather, she has always secrets that are worth concealing, take my word for it; so, faith, I will e'en set about that in earnest which I have hitherto intended only as a jest.

" *Ram.* But do you think you can prevail with her?
" will she not be apt to think she loses that by the ex-
" change which he cannot make her amends for?

" *Lap.* Ah, Ramilie! the difficulty is not so great
" to persuade a woman to follow her interest: we ge-

" nerally have that more at heart than you men ima-
" gine; besides, we are extremely apt to listen to one
" another; and whether you would lead a woman to
" ruin, or preserve her from it, the surest way of do-
" ing either is by one of her own sex. We are gene-
" rally decoyed into the net by birds of our own fea-
" ther."

Ram. Well, if you do succeed in your undertaking, you will allow this, I hope, that I first put it into your head.

Lap. Yes, it is true you did mention it first; but I thought of it first, I am sure; I must have thought of it: but I will not lose a moment's time; for, notwithstanding all I have said, young fellows are devils. Besides, this has a most plausible tongue, and should he get access to Mariana, may do in a few minutes what I shall never be able to undo as long as I live.

[*Exit.*

Ram. There goes the glory of all chambermaids.
" The jade has art, but is quite overshadow'd by her
" vanity. She will get the better of every one but
" the person who will condescend to praise her; for
" tho' she be a most mercenary devil, she will swal-
" low no bribe half so eagerly as flattery. The same
" pride which warms her fancy, serves to cool her
" appetites, and therefore though she have neither
" virtue nor beauty, her vanity gives her both. And
" this is my mistress, with a pox to her! Pray, what
" am I in love with? But that is a question so few
" lovers can answer, that I shall content myself with

" thinking I am in love with *le je ne sçai quoi.*" *Match her who can.* [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

LOVEGOLD's *House.* *Enter* LOVEGOLD, FREDERICK, HARRIET, *Mrs.* WISELY, *and* MARIANA.

Love. You see, Madam, what it is to marry extremely young: here are a couple of tall branches for you, almost the age of man and woman; but ill weeds grow apace.

Mrs. Wise. When children come to their age, Mr. Lovegold, they are no longer any trouble to their parents: what I have always dreaded was to have married into a family where there were small children.

Love. Pray give me leave, young lady: I have been told you have no great aversion to spectacles: it is not that your charms do not sufficiently strike the naked eye, or that they want addition: but it is with glasses we look at the stars, and I'll maintain you are a star of beauty, that is, the finest, brightest, and most glorious, of all stars.

Mar. Harriet, I shall certainly burst. Oh! nauseous filthy fellow!

Love. What does she say to you, Harriet?

Har. She says, Sir, if she were a star you should be sure of her kindest influence.

Love. How can I return this great honour you do me?

Mar. Ah! what an animal! what a wretch!

Love. How vastly am I obliged to you for these kind sentiments!

Mar. I shall never be able to hold it out, unless you keep him at a greater distance.

Love. [*listening.*] I shall make them both keep their distance, Madam. Hark'e, you Mr. Spendall, why don't you come and make this lady some acknowledgment for the great honour she does your father?

Fred. My father has indeed, Madam, much reason to be vain of his choice: you will be doubtless a very great honour to our family; notwithstanding which I cannot dissemble my real sentiments so far as to counterfeit any joy I shall have in the name of Son-in-law; nor can I help saying, that if it were in my power I believe I should make no scruple of preventing the match.

Mar. I believe it indeed; were they to ask the leave of their children, few parents would marry twice.

Love. Why, you ill-bred blockhead, is that the compliment you make your mother-in-law?

Fred. Well, Sir, since you will have me talk in another style—Suffer me, Madam, to put myself in the place of my father; and believe me when I swear to you I never saw any one half so charming; "that I "can imagine no happiness equal to that of pleasing "you;" that to be called your husband would be to my ears a title more blest, more glorious, than that of the greatest of princes. "The possession of you "is the most valuable gift in the power of fortune:

" that is the lovely mark to which all my ambition
" tends; there is nothing which I am not capable of
" undertaking to attain so great a blessing; all diffi-
" culties, when you are the prize in pursuit——"

Love. Hold, hold, Sir! softly, if you please!

Fred. I am only saying a few civil things, Sir, for you to this lady.

Love. Your humble servant, Sir! I have a tongue to say civil things with myself; I have no need of such an interpreter as you are, sweet Sir!

Mar. If your father could not speak better for himself than his son can for him, I am afraid he would meet with little success.

Love. I don't ask you, ladies, to drink any wine before supper, lest it should spoil your stomachs.

Fred. I have taken the liberty to order some sweetmeats, Sir, and tokay, in the next room: I hope the ladies will excuse what is wanting.

Mrs. Wife. There was no necessity for such a collation.

Fred. [*to* Mariana.] Did you ever see, Madam, so fine a brilliant as that on my father's finger?

Mar. It seems indeed to be a very fine one.

Fred. You cannot judge of it, Madam, unless you were to see it nearer. If you will give me leave, Sir. [*Takes it off from his father's finger and gives it to* Mariana.] There is no seeing a jewel while it is on the finger.

Mrs. Wise. Mar. It is really a prodigious fine one.

Fred. [*preventing* Mariana, *who is going to return it.*]

No, Madam, it is already in the best hands. My father, Madam, intends it as a present to you, therefore I hope you will accept it.

Love. Present! I!

Fred. Is it not, Sir, your request to this lady that she should wear this bauble for your sake?

Love. [*to his son.*] Is the devil in you?

Fred. He makes signs to me that I would entreat you to accept it.

Mar. I shall not upon my word.

Fred. He will not receive it again.

Love. I shall run stark staring mad!

Mar. I must insist on returning it.

Fred. It would be cruel in you to refuse him; let me entreat you, Madam, not to shock my poor father to such a degree.

Mrs. Wise. It is ill-breeding, child, to refuse so often.

Love. Oh, that the devil would but fly away with this fellow!

Fred. See, Madam, what agonies he is in lest you should return it——It is not my fault, dear Sir! I do all I can to prevail with her—but she is obstinate—— For pity's sake, Madam, keep it.

Love. [*to his son.*] Infernal villain!

Fred. My father will never forgive me, Madam, unless I succeed: on my knees I entreat you.

Love. The cut-throat!

Mrs. Wise. Daughter, I protest you make me

ashamed of you. Come, come, put up the ring, since Mr. Lovegold is so uneasy about it.

Mar. Your commands, Madam, always determine me, and I shall refuse no longer.

Love. I shall be undone! I wish I was buried while I have one farthing left.

Enter JAMES.

James. Sir, there is a man at the door who desires to speak with you.

Love. Tell him I am busy——bid him come another time—bid him leave his business with you——

James. Must he leave the money he has brought with me, Sir? [*Exit* James.

Love. No, no, stay—tell him I come this instant. I ask pardon, ladies, I'll wait on you again immediately. [*Exit.*

Fred. Will you please, ladies, to walk into the next room, and taste the collation I was mentioning?

Mar. I have ate too much fruit already this afternoon.

Mrs. Wise. Really, Sir, this is an unnecessary trouble; but since the tokay is provided I will taste one glass.

Har. I'll wait on you, Madam.

[*Exeunt Mrs.* Wisely *and* Harriet.

Mar. That is a mighty pretty picture over the door, Harriet; is it a family-piece, my dear? I think it has a great deal of you in it; are you not generally thought

very like it?—Heyday! where is my mamma and your sister gone?

Fred. They thought, Madam, we might have some business together, and so were willing to leave us alone.

Mar. Did they so? but as we happen to have no business together, we may as well follow them.

Fred. When a lover has no other obstacles to surmount but those his mistress throws in his way, she is in the right not to become too easy a conquest; but were you as kind as I could wish, my father would still prove a sufficient bar to our happiness, therefore it is a double cruelty in you.

Mar. Our happiness! how came your happiness and mine to depend so on one another, pray, "when "that of the mother and son-in-law are usually so "very opposite!"

Fred. This is keeping up the play behind the curtain. Your kindness to him comes from the same spring as your cruelty to me.

Mar. Modest enough! then I suppose you think both fictitious.

Fred. Faith, to be sincere, I do. Without arrogance, I think I have nothing in me so detestable as should make you deaf to all I say, or blind to all I suffer. This I am certain, there is nothing in him so charming as to captivate a woman of your sense in a moment.

Mar. You are mistaken, Sir; money, money, the most charming of all things; money, which will say

more in one moment than the most eloquent lover can in years. Perhaps you will say a man is not young; I answer he is rich: he is not genteel, handsome, witty, brave, good-humoured; but he is rich, rich, rich, rich, rich——that one word contradicts every thing you can say against him; and if you were to praise a person for a whole hour, and end with, But he is poor, you overthrow all that you have said; for it has long been an established maxim, that he who is rich can have no vice, and he that is poor can have no virtue.

Fred. These principles are foreign to the real sentiments of Mariana's heart. I vow, did you but know how ill a counterfeit you are, how awkwardly ill-nature sits upon you, you'd never wear it. "There is not one so abandoned but that she can "affect what is amiable better than you can what is "odious. Nature has painted in you the complexion "of virtue in such lively colours, that nothing but "what is lovely can suit you or appear your own."

Enter HARRIET.

Har. I left your mamma, Mariana, with Mr. Clerimont, who is shewing her some pictures in the gallery. Well, have you told him?

Mar. Told him what?

Har. Why, what you told me this afternoon, that you loved him.

Mar. I tell you I loved him—Oh, barbarous falsehood!

Fred. Did you? could you say so? Oh, repeat it to my face, and make me bless'd to that degree!

Har. Repeat it to him, can't you? How can you be so ill-natured to conceal any thing from another which would make him happy to know?

Mar. The lie would choke me were I to say so.

Har. Indeed, my dear! you have said you hated him so often that you need not fear that. But if she will not discover it to you herself, take my word for it, brother, she is your own without any possibility of losing; she is full as fond of you as you are of her. I hate this peevish, foolish, coyness in women, who will suffer a worthy lover to languish and despair, when they need only put themselves to the pain of telling truth to make him easy.

Mar. Give me leave to tell you, Miss Harriet, this is a treatment I did not expect from you, especially in your own house, Madam. I did not imagine I was invited hither to be betrayed, and that you had entered into a plot with your brother against my reputation.

Har. We form a plot against your reputation! I wish you could see, my dear! how prettily these airs become you—take my word for it you would have no reason to be in love with your fancy.

Mar. I should indeed have no reason to be in love with my fancy if it were fixed where you have insinuated it "to be placed."

Har. If you have any reason, Madam, to be ashamed of your choice, it is from denying it. My

brother is every way worthy of you, Madam; and give me leave to tell you, if I can prevent it, you shall not render him as ridiculous to the Town as you have some other of your admirers.

Fred. Dear Harriet! carry it no farther; you will ruin me for ever with her.

Har. Away! you do not know the sex: her vanity will make you play the fool till she despises you, and then contempt will destroy her affection for you—— It is a part she has often played.

Mar. I am obliged to you, however, Madam, for the lesson you have given me, how far I may depend on a woman's friendship: it will be my own fault if ever I am deceived hereafter.

Har. My friendship, Madam, naturally cools when I discover its object less worthy than I imagined her. —I can never have any violent esteem for one who would make herself unhappy to make the person who dotes on her more so; the ridiculous custom of the world is a poor excuse for such a behaviour; and in my opinion the coquette who sacrifices the ease and reputation of as many as she is able to an ill-natur'd vanity, is a more odious, a more pernicious creature, than the wretch whom fondness betrays to make her lover happy at the expence of her own reputation.

Enter Mrs. WISELY *and* CLERIMONT.

Mrs. Wise. Upon my word, Sir, you have a most excellent taste for pictures.

Mar. I can bear this no longer: if you had been

base enough to have given up all friendship and honour, good-breeding should have restrained you from using me after this inhumane, cruel, barbarous manner.

Mrs. Wise. Bless me, child! what's the matter?

Har. Let me entreat you, Mariana, not to expose yourself; you have nothing to complain of on his side, and therefore pray let the whole be a secret.

Mar. A secret! no, Madam: the whole world shall know how I have been treated. I thank Heaven I have it in my power to be revenged on you; and if I am not revenged on you——

Fred. See, sister, was I not in the right? did I not tell you you would ruin me? and now you have done it.

Har. Courage! all will go well yet: you must not be frightened at a few storms: these are only blasts that carry a lover to his harbour.

Enter LOVEGOLD.

Love. I ask your pardon; I have dispatched my business with all possible haste.

Mrs. Wise. I did not expect, Mr. Lovegold, when we were invited hither, that your children intended to affront us.

Love. Has any one affronted you, Madam?

Mrs. Wise. Your children, Sir, have used my poor girl so ill that they have brought tears into her eyes. I can assure you we are not used to be treated in this manner. My daughter is of as good a family——

Love. Out of my sight, audacious vile wretches! and let me never see you again.

Fred. Sir, I——

Love. I won't hear a word, and I wish I may never hear you more. Was ever such impudence! to dare, after what I have told you——

Har. Come, brother, perhaps I may give you some comfort.

Fred. I fear you have destroyed it for ever.

[*Exeunt* Frederick *and* Harriet.

Love. How shall I make you amends for the rudeness you have suffered? Poor pretty creature! had they stolen my purse I would almost as soon have pardoned them.

Mrs. Wise. The age is come to a fine pass indeed, if children are to control the wills of their parents. If I would have consented to a second match, I would have been glad to see a child of mine oppose it!

Love. Let us be married immediately, my dear! and if after that they ever dare to offend you, they shall stay no longer under my roof.

" *Mrs. Wise.* Look'e, Mariana, I know your con-
" sent will appear a little sudden, and not altogether
" conform to those nice rules of decorum of which I
" have been all my life so strict an observer; but
" this is so prudent a match, that the world will be
" apt to give you a dispensation. When women seem
" too forward to run away with idle young fellows,
" the world is, as it ought to be, very severe on them;
" but when they only consult their interest in their

" consent, though it be never so quickly given, we " say, La! who suspected it? it was mighty privately " carried on!

" *Mar.* I resign myself entirely over to your will, " Madam, and am at your disposal."

Mrs. Wise. Mr. Lovegold, my daughter is a little shy on this occasion: you know your courtship has not been of any long date; but she has considered your great merit, and I believe I may venture to give you her consent.

Love. And shall I? Hey! I begin to find myself the happiest man upon earth! 'Od, Madam, you shall be a grandmother within these ten months—I am a very young fellow.

Mar. If you were five years younger, I should utterly detest you.

Love. The very creature she was described to be! No one sure ever so luckily found a mass of treasure as I have. My pretty sweet! if you will walk a few minutes in the garden, I will wait on you; I must give some necessary orders to my clerk.

Mrs. Wise. We shall expect you with impatience.

[*Exeunt* Mariana *and* Mrs. Wisely.

Love. Clerimont, come hither: you see the disorder my house is like to be in this evening. I must trust every thing to your care; see that matters be managed with as small expence as possible. My extravagant son has sent for fruit, sweetmeats, and tokay. Take care what is not eat or drank be returned to the tradespeople. If you can save a bottle of the

wine let that be sent back too; and put up what is left, if part of a bottle, in a pint: that I will keep for my own drinking when I am sick. Be sure that the servants of my guests be not asked to come farther than the hall, for fear some of mine should ask them to eat. I trust every thing to you.

Cler. I shall take all the care possible, Sir: but there is one thing in this entertainment of yours which gives me inexpressible pain.

Love. What is that, prithee?

Cler. That is, the cause of it. Give me leave, Sir, to be free on this occasion. I am sorry a man of your years and prudence should be prevailed on to so indiscreet an action as I fear this marriage will be called.

Love. I know she has not quite so great a fortune as I might expect.

Cler. Has she any fortune, Sir?

Love. Oh, yes, yes; I have been very well assured that her mother is in very good circumstances, and you know she is her only daughter. Besides, she has several qualities which will save a fortune; "and a "penny saved is a penny got. Since I find I have "great occasion for a wife, I might have searched all "over this town and not have got one cheaper."

Cler. Sure you are in a dream, Sir; she save a fortune!

Love. In the article of a table at least two hundred pounds a year.

Cler. Sure, Sir, you do not know——

Love. In clothes two hundred more———

Cler. There is not, Sir, in the whole town——

Love. In jewels one hundred; play five hundred: these have been all proved to me; besides all that her mother is worth. In short, I have made a very prudent choice.

Cler. Do but hear me, Sir.

Love. Take a particular care of the family, my good boy. Pray let there be nothing wasted.

[*Exit* Love.

Cler. How vainly do we spend our breath, while passion shuts the ears of those we talk to. "I "thought it impossible for any thing to have sur- "mounted his avarice; but I find there is one little "passion which reigns triumphant in every mind it "creeps into, and, whether a man be covetous, "proud, or cowardly, it is in the power of woman "to make him liberal, humble, and brave." Sure this young lady will not let her fury carry her into the arms of a wretch she despises; but as she is a coquette, there is no answering for any of her actions. "I will hasten to acquaint Frederick with what I "have heard. Poor man! how little satisfaction he "finds in his mistress, compared to what I meet in "Harriet! Love to him is misery, to me perfect hap- "piness. Women are always one or the other; they "are never indifferent.

"*Whoever takes for better and for worse,*
"*Meets with the greatest blessing, or the greatest curse.*"

[*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Hall in LOVEGOLD's *House. Enter* FREDERICK *and* RAMILIE.

Frederick.

How! Lappet my enemy! and can she attempt to forward Mariana's marriage with my father?

Ram. Sir, upon my honour, it is true; she told it me in the highest confidence; a trust, Sir, which nothing but the inviolable friendship I have for you could have prevailed with me to have broken.

Fred. Sir, I am your most humble servant; I am infinitely obliged to your friendship.

Ram. Oh, Sir! but really I did withstand pretty considerable offers: for, would you think it, Sir? the jade had the impudence to attempt to engage me too in the affair. I believe, Sir, you would have been pleased to have heard the answer I gave her: Madam, says I, do you think if I had no more honour, I should have no greater regard to my interest? It is my interest, Madam, says I, to be honest; for my master is a man of that generosity, that liberality, that bounty, that I am sure he will never suffer any servant of his to be a loser by being true to him. No, no, says I, let him alone for rewarding a servant when he is once assured of his fidelity.

Fred. No demands now, Ramilie; I shall find a time to reward you.

Ram. That was what I told her, Sir. Do you think, says I, that this old rascal, (I ask your pardon, Sir) that this hunks, my master's father, will live for ever? And then, says I, do you think my master will not remember his old friends?

Fred. Well; but, dear Sir, let us have no more of your rhetorick—go and fetch Lappet hither; I'll try if I can't bring her over.

Ram. Bring her over! a fig for her, Sir! I have a plot worth fifty of yours. I'll blow her up with your father: I'll make him believe just the contrary of every word she has told him.

Fred. Can you do that?

Ram. Never fear it, Sir; I warrant my lies keep even pace with hers. But, Sir, I have another plot; I don't question but, before you sleep, I shall put you in possession of some thousands of your father's money.

Fred. He has done all in his power to provoke me to it; but I am afraid that will be carrying the jest too far.

Ram. Sir, I will undertake to make it out that robbing him is a downright meritorious act. Besides, Sir, if you have any qualms of conscience, you may return it him again: your having possession of it will bring him to any terms.

Fred. Well, well, I believe there is little danger of thy stealing any thing from him; so about the first affair; it is that only which causes my present pain.

Ram. Fear nothing, Sir, whilst Ramilie is your friend. [*Exit.*

Enter CLERIMONT.

Fred. If impudence can give a title to success, I am sure thou hast a good one.

Cler. Oh, Frederick! I have been looking you all over the house. I have news for you which will give me pain to discover, tho' it is necessary you should know it. In short, Mariana has determined to marry your father this evening.

Fred. How! Oh Clerimont! is it possible? cursed be the politics of my sister; she is the innocent occasion of this. And can Mariana, from a pique to her, throw herself away? Dear Clerimont! give me some advice; think on some method by which I may prevent, at least, this match; for that moment which gives her to my father will strike a thousand daggers in my heart.

Cler. Would I could advise you! But here comes one who is more likely to invent some means for your deliverance.

Fred. Ha! Lappet.

Enter LAPPET.

Lap. Heyday! Mr. Frederick, you stand with your arms across, and look as melancholy as if there were a funeral going on in the house instead of a wedding.

Fred. This wedding, Madam, will prove the occa-

sion of my funeral; I am obliged to you for being instrumental to it.

Lap, Why, truly, if you consider the case rightly, I think you are; it will be much more to your interest to——

Fred. Mistress, undo immediately what you have done, prevent this match which you have forwarded, or by all the devils which inhabit that heart of yours——

" *Lap.* For Heaven's sake, Sir! you do not intend " to kill me?

" *Fred.* What could drive your villany to attempt " to rob me of the woman I dote on more than life? " what could urge thee, when I trusted thee with " my passion, when I have paid the most extravagant " usury for money to bribe thee to be my friend, " what could sway thee to betray me?

" *Lap.* As I hope to be sav'd, Sir, whatever I have " done was intended for your service.

" *Fred.* It is in vain to deny it; I know thou hast " used thy utmost art to persuade my father into this " match.

" *Lap.* If I did, Sir, it was all with a view towards " your interest; if I have done any thing to prevent " your having her, it was because I thought you " would do better without her.

" *Fred.* Wouldst thou to save my life tear out my " heart? and dost thou, like an impudent inquisitor, " whilst thou art destroying me, assert it is for my " own sake?"

Lap. Be but appeas'd, Sir, and let me recover out of this terrible fright you have put me into, and I will engage to make you easy yet.

Cler. Dear Frederick! adjourn your anger for a while, at least: I am sure Mrs. Lappet is not your enemy in heart; "and whatever she has done, if it "has not been for your sake, this I dare confidently "affirm it has been for her own:" and I have so good an opinion of her, that the moment you shew her it will be more her interest to serve you than to oppose you, you may be secure of her friendship.

Fred. But has she not already carried it beyond retrieval?

Lap. Alas, Sir! I never did any thing yet so effectually but that I have been capable of undoing it; nor have I ever said any thing so positively but that I have been able as positively to unsay it again. As for truth, I have neglected it so long, that I often forget which side of the question it is of: besides, I look on it to be so very insignificant towards success, that I am indifferent whether it is for me or againſt me.

Fred. Let me entreat you, dear Madam! to lose no time in informing us of your many excellent qualities; but consider how very precious our time is, since the marriage is intended this very evening.

Lap. That cannot be.

Cler. My own ears were witnesses to her consent.

Lap. That indeed may be——but for the marriage it cannot be, nor it shall not be.

Fred. How! how will you prevent it?

Lap. By an infallible rule I have. But, Sir, Mr. Clerimont was mentioning a certain little word called interest just now. I should not repeat it to you, Sir, but that really one goes about a thing with so much better a will, and one has so much better luck in it too, when one has got some little matter by it.

Fred. Here take all the money I have in my pocket, and on my marriage with Mariana thou shalt have fifty more.

Lap. That is enough, Sir; if they were half married already I would unmarry them again. I am impatient till I am about it.—Oh, there is nothing like gold to quicken a woman's capacity! [*Exit.*

Fred. Dost thou think I may place any confidence in what this woman says?

Cler. Faith, I think so. I have told you how dexterously she managed my affairs. I have seen such proofs of her capacity, that I am much easier on your account than I was.

Fred. My own heart is something lighter too. Oh Clerimont! how dearly do we buy all the joys which we receive from women!

" *Cler.* A coquette's lover generally pays very se-
" verely indeed: his game is sure to lead him a long
" chase; and if he catches her at last, she is hardly
" worth carrying home—You will excuse me.

" *Fred.* It does not affect me, for what appears a
" coquette in Mariana, is rather the effect of spright-
" liness and youth, than any fixed habit of mind; she
" has good sense and good-nature at bottom.

" *Cler.* If she has good-nature it is at the bottom " indeed, for I think she has never discovered any " to you.

" *Fred.* Women of her beautv and merit have such " a variety of admirers, that they are shocked to think " of giving up all the rest by fixing on one. Besides, " so many pretty gentlemen are continually attending " them, and whispering soft things in their ears, who " think all their services well repaid with a curtesy or " a smile, that they are startled and think a lover a " most unreasonable creature who can imagine he " merits their whole person.

" *Cler.* They are of all people my aversion ; they " are a sort of spaniels, who tho' they have no chance " of running down the hare themselves, often spoil " the chase. I have known one of these fellows pur- " sue half the fine women in town without any other " design than of enjoying them all in the arms of a " strumpet. It is pleasant enough to see them watch- " ing the eyes of a woman of quality half an hour, " to get an opportunity of making a bow to her.

" *Fred.* Which she often returns with a smile, or " some more extraordinary mark of affection, from " a charitable design of giving pain to her real ad- " mirer, who, tho' he can't be jealous of the animal, " is concern'd to see her condescend to take notice " of him.

Enter HARRIET.

" *Har.* I suppose, brother, you have heard of my

" good father's economy, that he has resolv'd to join
" two entertainments in one—and prevent giving an
" extraordinary wedding-supper.

" *Fred.* Yes, I have heard it, and I hope have
" taken measures to prevent it.

" *Har.* Why, did you believe it, then?

" *Fred.* I think I had no longer room to doubt.

" *Har.* I would not believe it, if I were to see them
" in bed together.

" *Fred.* Heaven forbid it!

" *Har.* So say I too; Heaven forbid I should have
" such a mother-in-law! but I think if she were wed-
" ded into any other family, you would have no rea-
" son to lament the loss of so constant a mistress.

" *Fred.* Dear Harriet, indulge my weakness.

" *Har.* I will indulge your weakness with all my
" heart—but the men ought not; for they are such
" lovers as you who spoil the women.—Come, if you
" will bring Mr. Clerimont into my apartment, I'll
" give you a dish of tea, and you shall have some *sal*
" *volatile* in it, tho' you have no real cause for any de-
" pression of your spirits, for I dare swear your mis-
" tress is very safe; and I am sure if she were to be
" lost in the manner you apprehend, she would be
" the best loss you ever had in your life.

" *Cler.* Oh, Frederick! if your mistress were but
" equal to your sister, you might well be called the
" happiest of mankind." [*Exeunt.*

Enter MARIANA *and* LAPPET.

Lap. Ha, ha, ha! and so you have persuaded the old lady that you really intend to have him?

Mar. I tell you I do really intend to have him.

Lap. Have him! ha, ha, ha! for what do you intend to have him?

Mar. Have I not told you already, that I will marry him?

Lap. Indeed you will not.

Mar. How, Mrs. Impertinence, has your mistress told you so? and did she send you hither to persuade me against the match?

Lap. What should you marry him for? As for his riches, you might as well think of going hungry to a fine entertainment, where you were sure of not being suffered to eat: the very income of your own fortune will be more than he will allow you. Adieu fine clothes, operas, plays, assemblies; adieu dear quadrille—And to what have you sacrificed all these?—not to a husband—for whatever you make of him, you will never make a husband of him, I'm sure.

Mar. This is a liberty, Madam, I shall not allow you; if you intend to stay in this house, you must leave off these pretty airs you have lately given yourself.—Remember you are a servant here, and not the mistress, as you have been suffered to affect.

Lap. You may lay aside your airs too, good Madam, if you come to that! for I shall not desire to stay in this house when you are the mistress of it.

Mar. It will be prudent in you not to put on your usual insolence to me; for if you do, your master shall punish you for it.

Lap. I have one more comfort, he will not be able to punish me half so much as he will you; the worst he can do to me is to turn me out of the house—but you he can keep in it. Wife to an old fellow! faugh!

Mar. If Miss Harriet sent you on this errand, you may return and tell her her wit is shallower than I imagined it—and since she has no more experience, I believe I shall send my daughter-in-law to school again. [*Exit.*

Lap. Hum! you will have a schoolmaster at home. I begin to doubt whether this sweet-temper'd creature will not marry in spite at last. I have one project more to prevent her, and that I will about instantly. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Garden. Enter LOVEGOLD *and Mrs.* WISELY.

Love. I cannot be easy; I must settle something upon her.

Mrs. Wise. Believe me, Mr. Lovegold, it is unnecessary; when you die you will leave your wife very well provided for.

Love. Indeed I have known several lawsuits happen on these accounts; and sometimes the whole has been thrown away in disputing to which party it belonged.

I shall not sleep in my grave while a set of villanous lawyers are dividing the little money I have among them.

Mrs. Wise. I know this old fool is fond enough now to come to any terms; but it is ill trusting him: violent passions can never last long at his years. [*Aside.*

Love. What are you considering?

Mrs. Wise. Mr. Lovegold, I am sure, knows the world too well to have the worse opinion of any woman from her prudence; therefore I must tell you, this delay of the match does not at all please me: it seems to argue your inclination abated, and so it is better to let the treaty end here. My daughter has a very good offer now, which were she to refuse on your account, she would make a very ridiculous figure in the world after you had left her.

Love. Alas, Madam! I love her better than any thing almost upon the face of the earth: this delay is to secure her a good jointure: I am not worth the money the world says; I am not indeed.

Mrs. Wise. Well, Sir, then there can be no harm, for the satisfaction both of her mind and mine, in your signing a small contract, which can be prepared immediately.

Love. What signifies signing, Madam?

Mrs. Wise. I see, Sir, you don't care for it, so there is no harm done: and really this other is so very advantageous an offer, that I don't know whether I shall not be blam'd for refusing him on any account.

Love. Nay, but be not in haste; what would you have me sign?

Mrs. Wise. Only to perform your promise of marriage.

Love. Well, well, let your lawyer draw it up then, and mine shall look it over.

Mrs. Wise. I believe my lawyer is in the house; I'll go to him and get it done instantly, and then we will give this gentleman a final answer. I assure you he is a very advantageous offer. [*Exit.*

Love. As I intend to marry this girl, there can be no harm in signing the contract: her lawyer draws it, so I shall be at no expence, for I can get mine to look it over for nothing. I should have done very wisely indeed to have entitled her to a third of my fortune, whereas I will not make her jointure above a tenth! I protest it is with some difficulty that I have prevailed with myself to put off the match: I am more in love, I find, than I suspected.

Enter LAPPET.

Lap. Oh, unhappy miserable creature that I am! what shall I do? whither shall I go?

Love. What's the matter, Lappet?

Lap. To have been innocently assisting in betraying so good a man! so good a master! so good a friend!

Love. Lappet, I say.

Lap. I shall never forgive myself; I shall never

outlive it; I shall never eat, drink, sleep——

[*Runs against him.*

Love. One would think you were walking in your sleep now. What can be the meaning of this?

Lap. Oh, Sir!—you are undone, Sir! and I am undone!

Love. How! what! has any one robbed me? have I lost any thing?

Lap. No, Sir; but you have got something.

Love. What? what?

Lap. A wife, Sir.

Love. No, I have not yet——but why——

Lap. How, Sir! are you not married?

Love. No.

Lap. That is the happiest word I ever heard come out of your mouth.

Love. I have, for some particular reasons, put off the match for a few days.

Lap. Yes, Sir; and for some particular reasons you shall put off the match for a few years.

Love. What do you say?

Lap. Oh, Sir! this affair has almost determined me never to engage in matrimonial matters again. I have been finely deceived in this lady! I told you, Sir, she had an estate in a certain country; but I find it is all a cheat, Sir; the devil of any estate has she!

Love. How! not any estate at all! how can she live then?

Lap. Nay, Sir, Heaven knows how half the people in this town live.

Love. However, it is an excellent good quality in a woman to be able to live without an estate. She that can make something out of nothing, will make a little go a great way. I am sorry she has no fortune; but considering all her saving qualities, Lappet——

Lap. All an imposition, Sir; she is the most extravagant wretch upon earth.

Love. How! how! extravagant?

Lap. I tell you, Sir, she is downright extravagance itself.

" *Love.* Can it be possible, after what you told me?

" *Lap.* Alas, Sir! that was only a cloak thrown " over her real inclinations."

Love. How was it possible for you to be deceived in her?

Lap. Alas, Sir! she would have deceived any one upon earth, even you yourself: for, Sir, during a whole fortnight, since you have been in love with her, she has made it her whole business to conceal her extravagance, and appear thrifty.

Love. That is a good sign tho', Lappet, let me tell you, that is a good sign: right habits, as well as wrong, are got by affecting them; and she who could be thrifty a whole fortnight, gives lively hopes that she may be brought to be so as long as she lives.

Lap. She loves play to distraction; it is the only visible way she has of a living.

Love. She must win then, Lappet; and play, when people play the best of the game, is no such very bad thing. Besides, as she plays only to support herself,

when she can be supported without it, she may leave it off.

Lap. To support her extravagance, in dress particularly; why, don't you see, Sir, she is dress'd out to-day like a princess?

Love. It may be an effect of prudence in a young woman to dress in order to get a husband; and as that is apparently her motive, when she is married that motive ceases: and, to say the truth, she is in discourse a very prudent young woman.

Lap. Think of her extravagance.

Love. A woman of the greatest modesty.

Lap. And extravagance.

Love. She has really a very fine set of teeth.

Lap. She will have all the teeth out of your head.

Love. I never saw finer eyes.

Lap. She will eat you out of house and home.

Love. Charming hair.

Lap. She will ruin you.

Love. Sweet kissing lips, swelling breasts, and the finest shape that ever was embraced.

[*Catching* Lap. *in his arms.*

Lap. Oh, Sir! I am not the lady—Was ever such an old goat!——Well, Sir, I see you are determined on the match, and so I desire you would pay me my wages. I cannot bear to see the ruin of a family, in which I have lived so long, that I have contracted as great a friendship for it as if it were my own; I can't bear to see waste, riot, and extravagance; to see all the wealth a poor, honest, industrious, gentleman

has been raising all his lifetime, squandered away in a year or two, in feasts, balls, musick, cards, clothes, jewels——It would break my heart to see my poor old master eat out by a set of singers, fiddlers, milliners, mantua-makers, mercers, toymen, jewellers, fops, cheats, rakes——to see his guineas fly about like dust, all his ready money paid in one morning to one tradesman, his whole stock in the funds spent in one half year, all his land swallowed down in another, all his old gold, nay, the very plate he has had in his family time out of mind, which has descended from father to son ever since the flood, "to see even that "disposed of." What will they have next, I wonder, when they have had all that he is worth in the world, and left the poor old man without any thing to furnish his old age with the necessaries of life?—Will they be contented then? or will they tear out his bowels, and eat them too! [*Both burst into tears.*] The laws are cruel to put it in the power of a wife to ruin her husband in this manner—And will any one tell me, that such a woman as this is handsome?—What are a pair of shining eyes, when they must be bought with the loss of all one's shining old gold?

Love. Oh, my poor old gold!

Lap. Perhaps she has a fine set of teeth.

Love. My poor plate, that I have hoarded with so much care!

Lap. Or I'll grant she may have a most beautiful shape.

Love. My dear lands and tenements!

Lap. What are the roses on her cheeks, or lilies in her neck?

Love. My poor India bonds, bearing at least three and a half *per cent!*

Lap. A fine excuse, indeed, when a man is ruined by his wife, to tell us he has married a beauty.

Enter Lawyer.

Law. Sir, the contract is ready; my client has sent for the counsel on the other side, and he is now below examining it.

Love. Get you out of my doors, you villain! you and your client too; I'll contract you with a pox!

Law. Heyday! sure you are *non compos mentis.*

Love. No, sirrah; I had like to have been *non compos mentis,* but I have had the good luck to escape it. Go and tell your client I have discovered her: bid her take her advantageous offer, for I shall sign no contracts.

Law. This is the strangest thing I have met with in my whole course of practice.

Love. I am very much obliged to you, Lappet; indeed I am very much obliged to you.

Lap. I am sure, Sir, I have a very great satisfaction in serving you, and I hope you will consider of that little affair that I mentioned to you to-day about my lawsuit.

Love. I am very much obliged to you.

Lap. I hope, Sir, you won't suffer me to be ruined when I have preserved you from it.

Love. Hey! [*Appearing deaf.*

Lap. You know, Sir, that in Westminster-hall money and right are always on the same side.

Love. Ay, so they are; very true, so they are; and therefore no man can take too much care of his money.

Lap. The smallest matter of money, Sir, would do me an infinite service.

Love. Hey! what?

Lap. A small matter of money, Sir, would do me a great kindness.

Love. Oho! I have a very great kindness for you; indeed I have a very great kindness for you.

Lap. Pox take your kindness!—I'm only losing time! there's nothing to be got out of him; so I'll even to Frederick, and see what the report of my success will do there. Ah, would I were married to thee myself! [*Exit.*

Love. What a prodigious escape have I had! I cannot look at the precipice without being giddy.

Enter RAMILIE.

Love. Who is that? Oh, is it you, sirrah? how dare you enter within these walls?

Ram. Truly, Sir, I can scarcely reconcile it to myself. I think, after what has happened, you have no great title to my friendship: but I don't know how it is, Sir, there is something or other about you which strangely engages my affections, and which, together with the friendship I have for your son, won't let me

suffer you to be imposed upon; and to prevent that, Sir, is the whole and sole occasion of my coming within your doors. Did not a certain lady, Sir, called Mrs. Lappet, depart from you just now?

Love. What if she did, sirrah?

Ram. Has she not, Sir, been talking to you about a young lady whose name is Mariana?

Love. Well, and what then?

Ram. Why then, Sir, every single syllable she has told you, has been neither more nor less than a most confounded lie, as is indeed every word she says; for I don't believe, upon a modest calculation, she has told six truths since she has been in the house. She is made up of lies: her father was an attorney, and her mother was chambermaid to a maid of honour: the first word she spoke was a lie, and so will be the last. I know she has pretended a great affection for you, that's one lie, and every thing she has said of Mariana is another.

Love. How! how! are you sure of this?

Ram. Why, Sir, she and I laid the plot together; that one time, indeed, I myself was forced to deviate a little from the truth, but it was with a good design; the jade pretended to me that it was out of friendship to my master; that it was because she thought such a match would not be at all to his interest; but alas, Sir! I know her friendship begins and ends at home, "and that she has friendship for no "person living but herself." Why, Sir, do but look

at Mariana, Sir, and see whether you can think her such a sort of woman as she has described her to you.

Love. Indeed she has appeared to me always in a different light. I do believe what you say. This jade has been bribed by my children to impose upon me. I forgive thee all that thou hast done for this one service. I will go and deny all that I said to the lawyer, and put an end to every thing this moment. I knew it was impossible she could be such a sort of a woman. [*Exit.*

Ram. And I will go find out my master, make him the happiest of all mankind, squeeze his purse, and then get drunk for the honour of all party-coloured politicians.

SCENE III.

The Hall. Enter FREDERICK *and* LAPPET.

Fred. Excellent Lappet! I shall never think I have sufficiently rewarded you for what you have done.

Lap. I have only done half the business yet: I have, I believe, effectually broke off the match with your father. Now, Sir, I shall make up the matter between you and her.

Fred. Do but that, dear girl! and I'll coin myself into guineas.

Lap. Keep yourself for your lady, Sir; she will take all that sort of coin, I warrant her: as for me, I shall be much more easily contented.

Fred. But what hopes canst thou have? for I, alas! see none.

Lap. Oh, Sir! it is more easy to make half-a-dozen matches than to break one, and, to say the truth, it is an office I myself like better. "There is some-"thing, methinks, so pretty, in bringing young "people together that are fond of one another. I "protest, Sir, you will be a mighty handsome cou-"ple. How fond you will be of a little girl the exact "picture of her mother! and how fond will she be "of a boy to put her in mind of his father!

"*Fred.* Death! you jade, you have fired my ima-"gination."

Lap. But methinks I want to have the hurricane begin hugely; I am surprised they are not all together by the ears already.

Enter RAMILIE.

Ram. Oh, Madam, I little expected to have found you and my master together after what has happened, I did not think you had the assurance———

Fred. Peace, Ramilie! all is well, and Lappet is the best friend I have in the world.

Ram. Yes, Sir, all is well indeed, no thanks to her: "happy is the master that has a good servant; "a good servant is certainly the greatest treasure in "this world: I have done your business for you, "Sir; I have frustrated all she has been doing, de-"ny'd all she has been telling him:" in short, Sir, I observed her ladyship in a long conference with the

old gentleman, mightily to your interest as you may imagine ; no sooner was she gone than I steps in and made the old gentleman believe every single syllable she had told him to be a most confounded lie, and away he is gone, fully determined to put an end to the affair.

Lap. And sign the contract : so now, Sir, you are ruined without reprieve.

Fred. Death and damnation ! fool ! villain !

Ram. Heyday ! what is the meaning of this ! have I done any more than you commanded me ?

Fred. Nothing but my cursed stars could have contrived so damned an accident.

Ram. You cannot blame me, Sir, whatever has happened.

Fred. I don't blame you, Sir, nor myself, nor any one. Fortune has marked me out for misery : but I will no longer be idle : since I am to be ruined I'll meet my destruction.

[*They stand some time in silence looking at each other.*

Lap. I give you joy, Sir, of the success of your negociation : you have approved yourself a most able person, truly ; and I dare swear when your skill is once known you will not want employment.

Ram. Do not triumph, good Mrs. Lappet ! a politician may make a blunder ; I am sure no one can avoid it that is employed with you, for you change sides so often that 'tis impossible to tell at any time which side you are on.

Lap. And pray, Sir, what was the occasion of betraying me to your master, for he has told me all?

Ram. Conscience, conscience! Mrs. Lappet, the great guide of all my actions; I could not find in my heart to let him lose his mistress.

Lap. Your master is very much obliged to you indeed, to lose your own in order to preserve his. From henceforth I forbid all your addresses, I disown all obligations, I revoke all promises; henceforth I would advise you never to open your lips to me, for if you do it will be in vain: I shall be deaf to all your little, false, mean, treacherous, base, insinuations, I would have you know, Sir, a woman injured as I am never can, nor ought, to forgive. Never see my face again. [*Exit.*

Ram. Huh! now would some lovers think themselves very unhappy; but I, who have had experience in the sex, am never frightened at the frowns of a mistress, nor ravished with her smiles; they both naturally succeed one another; and a woman generally is as sure to perform what she threatens, as she is what she promises. But now I'll to my lurking place. I'm sure this old rogue has money hid in the garden; if I can but discover it, I shall handsomely quit all scores with the old gentleman, and make my master a sufficient return for the loss of his mistress.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Another Apartment. Enter FREDERICK, *Mrs.* WISELY, *and* MARIANA.

Fred. No, Madam, I have no words to upbraid you with, nor shall I attempt it.

Mrs. Wise. I think, Sir, a respect to your father should keep you now within the rules of decency; as for my daughter, after what has happened, I think she cannot expect it on any other account.

Mar. Dear mamma! don't be serious, when I dare say Mr. Frederick is in jest.

Fred. This exceeds all you have done; to insult the person you have made miserable is more cruel than having made him so.

Mar. Come, come, you may not be so miserable as you expect. I know the word Mother-in law has a terrible sound; but perhaps I may make a better than you imagine. Believe me you will see a change in this house which will not be disagreeable to a man of Mr. Frederick's gay temper.

Fred. All changes to me are henceforth equal. When fortune robbed me of you, she made her utmost effort; I now despise all in her power.

Mrs Wise. I must insist, Sir, on your behaving in a different manner to my daughter: the world is apt to be censorious. Oh, Heavens! I shudder at the apprehensions of having a reflection cast on my family, which has hitherto passed unblemished.

Fred. I shall take care, Madam, to shun any possibility of giving you such a fear, for from this night I never will behold those fatal eyes again.

" *Mar.* Nay, that I am sure will cast a reflection " on me: what a person will the world think me to " be when you could not live with me?

" *Fred.* Live with you! Oh, Mariana! those words " bring back a thousand tender ideas to my mind. " Oh, had that been my blessed fortune!

" *Mrs. Wise.* Let me beg, Sir, you would keep a " greater distance. The young fellows of this age " are so rampant, that even degrees of kindred can- " not restrain them."

Fred. There are yet no such degrees between us—Oh, Mariana! while it is in your power, while the irrevocable wax remains unstamped, consider, and do not seal my ruin.

Mrs. Wise. Come with me, daughter; you shall not stay a moment longer with him—A rude fellow!

[*Exeunt Mrs.* Wisely *and* Mariana.

Enter RAMILIE.

Ram. Follow me, Sir, follow me this instant.

Fred. What's the matter?

Ram. Follow me, Sir; we are in the right box; the business is done.

Fred. What done?

Ram. I have it under my arm, Sir——here it is!

Fred. What? what?

Ram. Your father's soul, Sir, his money——Follow me, Sir, this moment, before we are overtaken.

Fred. Ha! this may preserve me yet. [*Exeunt.*

Enter LOVEGOLD *in the utmost distraction.*

Love. Thieves! thieves! assassination! murder! I am undone! all my money is gone! who is the thief? where is the villain? where shall I find him? Give me my money again, villain. [*Catching himself by the arm.*] I am distracted! I know not where I am, nor what I am, nor what I do. Oh, my money, my money! Ha! what say you? Alack-a day! here is no one. The villain must have watched his time carefully; he must have done it while I was signing that damn'd contract. I will go to a justice, and have all my house put to their oaths, my servants, my children, my mistress, and myself too; all the people in the house, and in the street, and in the town, I will have them all executed; I will hang all the world, and if I don't find my money I will hang myself afterwards.

Act V. SCENE I.

The Hall. " *Several Servants.*

" *James.*

" THERE will be rare doings now; Madam's an ex-
" cellent woman, faith! things won't go as they have
" done; she has ordered something like a supper!
" here will be victuals enough for the whole town.

" *Thomas.* She's a sweet-humoured lady, I can
" tell you that; I have had a very good place on't
" with her. You will have no more use for locks
" and keys in this house now.

" *James.* This is the luckiest day I ever saw: as
" soon as supper is over, I will get drunk to her good
" health, I am resolved, and that's more than ever I
" could have done here before.

" *Thomas.* You sha'n't want liquor, for here are
" ten hogsheads of strong beer coming in.

" *James.* Bless her heart, good lady! I wish she
" had a better bridegroom.

" *Thomas.* Ah, never mind that, he has a good
" purse; and for other things let her alone, Mr.
" James.

" *Wheed.* Thomas, you must go to Mr. Mixture's
" the wine merchant, and order him to send in twelve
" dozen of his best Champaigne, twelve dozen of
" Burgundy, and twelve dozen of Hermitage; and
" you must call at the wax chandler's, and bid him
" send in a chest of candles; and at Lambert's the
" confectioner in Pall-mall, and order the finest des-
" sert he can furnish: and you, Will, must go to
" Mr. Gray's the horse-jockey, and order him to
" buy my lady three of the finest geldings for her
" coach to-morrow morning; and here, you must
" take this roll, and invite all the people in it to sup-
" per; then you must go to the play-house in Dru-
" ry-Lane, and engage all the music, for my lady
" intends to have a ball.

" *James.* Oh, brave, Mrs. Wheedle! here are fine
" times!

" *Wheed.* My lady desires that supper may be kept
" back as much as possible; and if you can think of
" any thing to add to it she desires you would.

" *James.* She is the best of ladies.

" *Wheed.* So you will say, when you know her bet-
" ter; she has thought of nothing ever since matters
" have been made up between her and your master,
" but how to lay out as much money as she could—
" We shall all have rare places.

" *James.* I thought to have given warning to-
" morrow morning, but I believe I shall not be in
" haste now.

" *Wheed.* See what it is to have a woman at the
" head of the house! but here she comes. Go you
" into the kitchen and see that all things be in the
" nicest order.

" *James.* I am ready to leap out of my skin for
" joy."

Enter MARIANA, FURNISH, *and Mrs.* WISELY.

" *Mar.* Wheedle, have you dispatched the servants
" according to my orders?

" *Wheed.* Yes, Madam."

Mar. You will take care, Mr. Furnish, and let me have those two beds with the utmost expedition.

Furnish. I shall take a particular care, Madam; I shall put them both in hand to-morrow morning;

" I shall put off some work, Madam, on that ac-
" count.

" *Mar.* That tapestry in the dining-room does not
" at all please me.

" *Furnish.* Your ladyship is very much in the
" right, Madam; it is quite out of fashion; no one
" hangs a room now with tapestry.

" *Mar.* Oh I have the greatest fondness for tapes-
" try in the world! you must positively get me some
" of a newer pattern.

" *Furnish.* Truly, Madam, as you say, tapestry is
" one of the prettiest sorts of furniture for a room
" that I know of. I believe I can shew you some that
" will please you."

Mrs. Wise. I protest, child, I can't see any reason for this alteration.

Mar. Dear mamma! let me have my will. There is not any one thing in the whole house that I shall be able to leave in it, every thing has so much of antiquity about it, and I cannot endure the sight of any thing that is not perfectly modern.

Furnish. Your ladyship is in the right, Madam; there is no possibility of being in the fashion without new furnishing a house at least once in twenty years; and indeed to be at the very top of the fashion you will have need of almost continual alterations.

Mrs. Wise. That is an extravagance I would never submit to: I have no notion of destroying one's goods before they are half worn out, by following the ridiculous whims of two or three people of quality.

Furnish. Ha! ha! Madam, I believe her ladyship is of a different opinion—I have many a set of goods entirely whole that I would be very loath to put into your hands.

Enter SATIN *and* SPARKLE.

Mar. Oh, Mr. Satin! have you brought those gold stuffs I ordered you?

Sat. Yes, Madam, I have brought your ladyship some of the finest patterns that were ever made.

Mar. Well, Mr. Sparkle, have you the necklace and ear-rings with you?

Sparkle. Yes, Madam, and I defy any jeweller in town to shew you their equals; they are, I think, the finest water I ever saw; they are finer than the Duchess of Glitter's, which have been so much admired: I have brought you a solitaire too, Madam; my Lady Raffle bought the fellow of it yesterday.

Mar. Sure it has a flaw in it, Sir.

Sparkle. Has it, Madam? then there never was a brilliant without one! I am sure, Madam, I bought it for a good stone, and if it be not a good stone, you shall have it for nothing.

Enter LOVEGOLD.

Love. It's lost, it's gone, it's irrecoverable; I shall never see it more!

Mar. And what will be the lowest price of the necklace and ear-rings?

Sparkle. If you were my sister, Madam, I could not 'bate you one farthing of three thousand guineas.

Love. What do you say of three thousand guineas, villain? have you my three thousand guineas?

Mrs. Wise. Bless me, Mr. Lovegold! what's the matter?

Love. I am undone: I am ruined! my money is stolen! my dear three thousand guineas that I received but yesterday are taken away from the place I had put them in, and I shall never see them again!

Mar. Don't let them make you uneasy, you may possibly recover them; or if you should not, the loss is but a trifle.

Love. How! a trifle! do you call three thousand guineas a trifle!

Mrs. Wise. She sees you so disturbed that she is willing to make as light of your loss as possible, in order to comfort you.

Love. To comfort me! can she comfort me by calling three thousand guineas a trifle? But tell me what were you saying of them? have you seen them?

Sparkle. Really, Sir, I do not understand you; I was telling the lady the price of a necklace and a pair of ear-rings, which were as cheap at three thousand guineas as——

Love. How? what? what?

Mar. I can't think them very cheap; however, I am resolved to have them; so let him have the money, Sir, if you please.

Love. I am in a dream!

Mar. You will be paid immediately, Sir. Well, Mr. Satin, and pray what is the highest priced gold stuff you have brought?

Sat. Madam, I have one of twelve pounds a-yard.

Mar. It must be pretty at that price; let me have a gown and petticoat cut off.

Love. You shall cut off my head first. What are you doing? are you mad?

Mar. I am only preparing a proper dress to appear in as your wife.

Love. Sirrah, offer to open any of your pickpocket trinkets here, and I'll make an example of you.

Mar. Mr. Lovegold, give me leave to tell you this is a behaviour I don't understand: you give me a fine pattern before marriage of the usage I am to expect after it.

Love. Here are fine patterns of what I am to expect after it!

Mar. I assure you, Sir, I shall insist on all the privileges of an English wife: I shall not be taught to dress by my husband; I am myself the best judge of what you can afford; and if I do stretch your purse a little, it is for your honour, Sir: the world will know it is your wife that makes such a figure.

Love. Can you bear to hear this, madam?

Mrs Wise. I should not countenance my daughter in any extravagance, Sir, "but the honour of my "family as well as yours is concern'd in her appear-"ing handsomely. Let me tell you, Mr. Lovegold "the whole world is very sensible of your fondness

" for money; I think it a very great blessing to " you that you have met with a woman of a different " temper, one who will preserve your reputation in " the world, whether you will or no: not that I " would insinuate to you that my daughter will ever" —*She will never* run you into unneceſſary expences; so far from it, that if you will but generously make her a present of five thousand pounds to fit herself out at first in clothes and jewels, I dare swear you will not have any other demand on those accounts I don't know when.

Mar. No, unless a birthnight suit or two, I shall scarce want any thing more this twelvemonth.

Love. I am undone, plundered, murdered! how ever, there is one comfort, I am not married yet.

Mar. And free to choose whether you will marry at all or no.

Mrs. Wise. The consequence, you know, will be no more than a poor ten thousand pounds, which is all the forfeiture of the breach of contract.

Love. But, Madam, I have one way yet: I have not bound my heirs and executors, and so if I hang myself I am off the bargain—In the mean while I'll try if I cannot rid my house of this nest of thieves—Get out of my doors you cut-purses.

Sparkle. Pay me for my jewels, Sir, or return 'em me.

Love. Give him his baubles, give them him.

Mar. I shall not, I assure you. You need be under no apprehension, Sir; you see Mr. Lovegold is a

little disordered at present, but if you will come to-morrow you shall have your money.

Sparkle. I'll depend on your ladyship, Madam.

Love. Who the devil are you? what have you to do here?

Furnish. I am an upholsterer, Sir, and am come to new furnish your house.

Love. Out of my doors this instant, or I will disfurnish your head for you; I'll beat out your brains.

Mrs. Wise. Sure, Sir, you are mad.

Love. I was when I signed the contract. Oh that I had never learnt to write my name!

Enter CHARLES BUBBLEBOY.

" *Bub.* Your most obedient servant, Madam.

" *Love.* Who are you, Sir? what do you want " here?

" *Bub.* Sir, my name is Charles Bubbleboy.

" *Love.* What's your business?

" *Bub.* Sir, I was ordered to bring some snuff boxes " and rings. Will you please, Sir, to look at that " snuff box? there is but one person in England, Sir, " can work in this manner: if he was but as diligent " as he is able, he would get an immense estate, Sir: " if he had an hundred thousand hands I could keep " them all employed. I have brought you a pair of " the new-invented snuffers too, Madam: be pleas- " ed to look at them; they are my own invention; " the nicest lady in the world may make use of them.

" *Love.* Who the devil sent for you, Sir?

" *Mar.* I sent for him, Sir.

" *Bub.* Yes, Sir, I was told it was a lady sent for
" me. Will you please, Madam, to look at the snuff-
" boxes or rings first?

" *Love.* Will you please to go to the devil, Sir,
" first, or shall I send you?

" *Bub.* Sir!

" *Love.* Get you out of my house this instant, or
" I'll break your snuff-boxes and your bones too.

" *Bub.* Sir, I was sent for or I should not have
" come. Charles Bubbleboy does not want custom.
" Madam, your most obedient servant. [*Exit.*

Mar. I suppose, Sir, you expect to be finely spoken of abroad for this; you will get an excellent character in the world by this behaviour.

Mrs. Wise. Is this your gratitude to a woman who has refused so much better offers on your account?

Love. Oh, would she had taken them! Give me up my contract, and I will gladly resign all right and title whatsoever.

Mrs. Wise. It is too late now, the gentlemen have had their answers; a good offer once refused, is not to be had again.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, the tailor whom your ladyship sent for, is come.

Mar. Bid him come in. This is an instance of the regard I have for you. I have sent for one of the best tailors in town to make you a new suit of clothes,

that you may appear like a gentleman; for, as it is for your honour that I should be well dressed, so it is for mine that you should. Come, Madam, we will go in and give further orders concerning the entertainment. [*Exeunt Mrs.* Wisely *and* Mariana.

Enter LIST.

Love. Oh, Lappet, Lappet! the time thou hast prophesied of is come to pass.

List. I am your honour's most humble servant. My name is List: I presume I am the person you sent for—The laceman will be here immediately. Will your honour be pleased to be taken measure of first, or look over the patterns? if you please we will take measure first. I do not know, Sir, who was so kind as to recommend me to you, but I believe I shall give you entire satisfaction. I may defy any tailor in England to understand the fashion better than myself; the thing is impossible, Sir. I always visit France twice a year; and, though I say it, that should not say it——Stand upright, if you please, Sir——

Love. I'll take measure of your back, sirrah——I'll teach such pickpockets as you are to come here—Out of my doors, you villain!

List. Heyday, Sir! did you send for me for this, Sir?—I shall bring you in a bill without any clothes.

[*Exit.*

Enter JAMES *and* PORTER.

" *Love.* Where are you going? what have you there?

" *James.* Some fine wine, Sir, that my lady sent " for to Mr. Mixture's—But, Sir, it will be impos- " sible for me to get supper ready by twelve, as it is " ordered, unless I have more assistance. I want " half-a-dozen kitchens too. The very wildfowl " that my lady has sent for will take up a dozen " spits.

" *Love.* Oh! oh! it is in vain to oppose it: her " extravagance is like a violent fire, that is no sooner " stopped in one place than it breaks out in another. " —[*Drums beat without.*] Ha! what's the meaning of " this? is my house besieged? would they would " set it on fire and burn all in it!

" *Drum. without.*] Heavens bless your Honour! " 'Squire Lovegold, Madam Lovegold, long life and " happiness, and many children attend you——and " so God save the king. [*Drums beat.*

" Lovegold *goes out, and soon after the drums cease.*

" *James.* So he has quieted the drums I find—This " is the roguery of some well-wishing neighbours " of his. Well, we shall soon see which will get the " better, my master or my mistress: if my master " does, away go I; if my mistress, I'll stay while " there's any housekeeping, which can't be long; " for the riches of my lord mayor will never hold it " out at this rate.

Enter LOVEGOLD.

" *Love.* James! I shall be destroyed; in one week " I shall not be worth a groat upon earth. Go, send " all the provisions back to the tradesmen, put out all " the fires, leave not so much as a candle burning.

" *James.* Sir, I don't know how to do it; Madam " commanded me, and I dare not disobey her.

" *Love.* How! not when I command thee?

" *James.* I have lost several places, Sir, by obey- " ing the master against the mistress, but never lost " one by obeying the mistress against the master. " Besides, Sir, she is so good and generous a lady, " that it would go against my very heart to offend " her.

" *Love.* The devil take her generosity!

" *James.* And I don't believe she has provided " one morsel more than will be eat: why, Sir, she " has invited above five hundred people to supper: " within this hour your house will be as full as " Westminster-hall the last day of term——But I " have no time to lose.

" *Love.* Oh! oh! what shall I do?"

Enter LAPPET.

Lap. Where is my poor master? Oh, Sir, I cannot express the affliction I am in to see you devoured in this manner. How could you, Sir, when I told you what a woman she was, how could you undo your- self with your eyes open?

Love. Poor Lappet! had I taken your advice I had been happy.

Lap. And I too, Sir; for, alack a-day! I am as miserable as you are; I feel every thing for you, Sir; indeed I shall break my heart upon your account.

Love. I shall be much obliged to you if you do, Lappet.

Lap. How could a man of your sense, Sir, marry in so precipitate a manner?

Love. I am not married; I am not married.

Lap. Not married!

Love. No, no, no.

Lap. All's safe yet. No man is quite undone till he is married.

Love. I am, I am undone. Oh, Lappet! I cannot tell it thee. I have given her a bond, a bond, a bond, of ten thousand pounds, to marry her!

Lap. You shall forfeit it.

Love. Forfeit what? my life, and soul, and blood, and heart!

Lap. You shall forfeit it——

Love. I'll be buried alive sooner: no, I am determined I'll marry her first, and hang myself afterwards, to save my money.

Lap. I see, Sir, you are undone; and if you should hang yourself I could not blame you.

Love. Could I but save one thousand by it I would hang myself with all my soul. Shall I live to die not worth a groat?

Lap. Oh, my poor master! my poor master!

[*Crying.*

Love. Why did I not die a year ago! what a deal had I saved by dying a year ago! [*A noise without.*] Oh! oh! dear Lappet! see what it is; I shall be undone in an hour——Oh!

Enter CLERIMONT *richly dressed.*

Love. What is here?—some of the people who are to eat me up?

Cler. Don't you know me, Sir?

Love. Know you! ha! what is the meaning of this?—Oh, it is plain, it is too plain; my money has paid for all this finery. Ah, base wretch! could I have suspected you of such an action, of lurking in my house to use me in such a manner?

Cler. Sir, I am come to confess the fact to you; and if you will but give me leave to reason with you, you will not find yourself so much injured as you imagine.

Love. Not injured! when you have stolen away my blood?

Cler. Your blood has not fallen into bad hands; I am a gentleman, Sir.

Love. Here's impudence! a fellow robs me, and tells me he is a gentleman—Tell me who tempted you to it.

Cler. Ah, Sir! need I say——love.

Love. Love!

Cler. Yes, love, Sir.

Love. Very pretty love, indeed! the love of my guineas.

" *Cler.* Ah, Sir, think not so. Do but grant me " the free possession of what I have, and, by Hea- " ven! I'll never ask you more.

" *Love.* Oh, most unequalled impudence! was ever " so modest a request?

" *Cler.* All your efforts to separate us will be " vain; we have sworn never to forsake each other, " and nothing but death can part us."

Love I don't question, Sir, the very great affection on your side; but I believe I shall find methods to recover—

Cler. By Heavens I'll die in defending my right! and, if that were the case, think not, when I am gone, you ever could possess what you have robbed me of.

Love. Ha! that's true; he may find ways to prevent the restoring it. Well, well, let me delight my eyes at least; let me see my treasure, and perhaps I may give it you, perhaps I may.

" *Cler.* Then I am blest! Well may you say trea- " sure, for to possess that treasure is to be rich in- " deed.

" *Love.* Yes, truly, I think three thousand pounds " may well be called a treasure.—Go, go, fetch it " hither; perhaps I may give it you——fetch it hi- " ther."

Cler. To shew you, Sir, the confidence I place in you, I will fetch hither all that I love and adore.

[*Exit.*

Love. Sure never was so impudent a fellow! to confess his robbery before my face, and desire to keep what he has stolen as if he had a right to it.

Enter LAPPET.

Love. Oh, Lappet! what's the matter!

Lap. Oh, Sir! I am scarce able to tell you. It is spread about the Town that you are married, and your wife's creditors are coming in whole flocks. There is one single debt for five thousand pounds, which an attorney is without to demand.

Love. Oh! oh! oh! let them cut my throat.

Lap. Think what an escape you have had! think if you had married her——

Love. I am as bad as married to her.

Lap. It is impossible, Sir: nothing can be so bad; what, you are to pay her ten thousand pounds—Well—and ten thousand pounds are a sum; they are a sum, I own it—they are a sum; but what is such a sum compared with such a wife? had you married her, in one week you would have been in a prison, sir—

Love. If I am I can keep my money; they can't take that from me.

"*Lap.* Why, Sir, you will lose twice the value of "your contract before you know how to turn your-"self; and if you have no value for liberty, yet con-"sider, Sir, such is the great goodness of our laws, "that a prison is one of the dearest places you can "live in."

"*Love.* Ten thousand pounds!—No—I'll be "hang'd, I'll be hang'd."

Lap. Suppose, Sir, it were possible, (not that I believe it is) but suppose it were possible to make her abate a little; suppose one could bring her to eight thousand——

Love. Eight thousand vils take her———

Lap. But, dear Sir! consider, nay, consider immediately, for every minute you lose you lose a sum —Let me beg you, intreat you, my dear good master! let me prevail on you, not to be ruined. Be resolute, Sir; consider every guinea you give saves you a score.

Love. Well, if she will consent to, to, to, eight hundred—But try, do try, if you can make her 'bate any thing of that—if you can—you shall have a twentieth part of what she 'bates for yourself.

Lap. Why, Sir, if I could get you off at eight thousand you ought to leap out of your skin for joy.

Love. Would I were out of my skin—

Lap. You will have more reason to wish so when you are in the hands of bailiffs for your wife's debts—

Love. Why was I begotten! why was I born! why was I brought up! why was I not knocked o'th'head before I knew the value of money!

Lap. [*knocking without.*] So, so, more duns, I suppose—Go but into the kitchen, Sir, or the hall, and it will have a better effect on you than all I can say.

Love. What have I brought myself to! what shall I do! Part with eight thousand pounds! misery, de-

struction, beggary, prisons! But then, on the other side, are wife, ruin, chains, slavery, torment! I shall run distracted either way! [*Exit.*

Lap. Ah! would we could once prove you so, you old covetous good-for-nothing.

Enter MARIANA.

Mar. Well, what success?

Lap. It is impossible to tell; he is just gone into the kitchen, where, if he is not frightened into our design, I shall begin to despair. They say fear will make a coward brave, but nothing can make him generous; the very fear of losing all he is worth will scarce bring him to part with a penny.

Mar. And have you acquainted neither Frederick nor Harriet with my intentions?

Lap. Neither, I assure you. Ah, Madam, had I not been able to have kept a secret I had never brought about those affairs that I have: were I not secret, Lud have mercy upon many a virtuous woman's reputation in this town!

Mar. And don't you think I have kept my real intentions very secret?

Lap. From every one but me I believe you have: I assure you I knew them long before you sent for me this afternoon to discover them to me.

Mar. Bu could you bring him to no terms, no proposals? did e make no offer?

Lap. It must be done all at once, and while you are by.

Mar. So you think he must see me, to give any thing to be rid of me.

Lap. Hush, hush! I hear him coming again.

Enter LOVEGOLD.

Love. I am undone! I am undone! I am eat up! I am devoured! I have an army of cooks in my house.

Lap. Dear Madam! consider; I know eight thousand pounds are a trifle; I know they are nothing; my master can very well afford them; they will make no hole in his purse; and if you should stand out you will get more.

Love. [*putting his hand before* Lappet's *mouth.*] You lie, you lie, you lie, you lie: she never could get more, never should get more; it is more than I am worth; it is an immense sum; and I will be starved, drowned, shot, hanged, burnt, before I part with a penny of it.

Lap. For Heaven's sake, Sir, you will ruin all—— Madam, let me beg you, entreat you, to 'bate these two thousand pounds. Suppose a lawsuit should be the consequence, I know my master would be cast; I know it would cost him an immense sum of money, and that he would pay the charges of both in the end; but you might be kept out of it a long time. Eight thousand pounds now are better than ten five years hence.

Mar. No; the satisfaction of my revenge on a man who basely departs from his word will make me amends

for the delay; and whatever I suffer, as long as I know his ruin will be the consequence, I shall be easy.

Love. Oh, bloody-minded wretch!

Lap. Why, Sir, since she insists on it, what does it signify? You know you are in her power, and it will be only throwing away more money to be compelled to it at last; get rid of her at once: what are two thousand pounds? why, Sir, the Court of Chancery will eat it up for a breakfast: it has been given for a mistress, and will you not give it to be rid of a wife?

[*They whisper.*

" *Enter* THOMAS *and* JAMES.

[Lovegold *and* Lappet *talk apart.*

" *Tho.* Madam, the music are come which your
" ladyship ordered, and most of the company will be
" here immediately.

" *James.* Where will your ladyship be pleased the
" servants shall eat, for there is no room in the house
" that will be large enough to entertain 'em.

" *Mar.* Then beat down the partition, and turn
" two rooms into one.

" *James.* There is no service in the house proper for the dessert, Madam.

" *Mar.* Send immediately to the great china shop
" in the Strand for the finest that is there."

Love. How! and will you swear a robbery against her? that she robbed me of what I shall give her?

Lap. Depend on it, Sir.

Love. I'll break open a bureau to make it look the more likely.

Lap. Do so, Sir; but lose no time; give it her this moment. Madam, my master has consented, and if you have the contract, he is ready to pay the money. Be sure to break open the bureau, Sir. [*Aside.*

Mar. Here is the contract.

Love. I'll fetch the money: it is all I am worth in the world. [*Exit.*

Mar. Sure he will never be brought to it yet.

Lap. I warrant him: but you are to pay dearer for it than you imagine, for I am to swear a robbery against you. What will you give me, Madam, to buy off my evidence?

Mar. And is it possible that the old rogue would consent to such a villany?

Lap. Ay, Madam; for half that sum he would hang half the town. But truly I can never be made amends for all the pains I have taken on your account. Were I to receive a single guinea a lie, for every one I have told this day, it would make me a pretty tolerable fortune. Ah, Madam, what a pity it is that a woman of my excellent talents should be confined to so low a sphere of life as I am! had I been born a great lady, what a deal of good should I have done in the world!

Enter LOVEGOLD.

Love. Here, here they are—all in bank-notes—all the money I am worth in the world—(I have sent for

a constable; she must not go out of sight before we have her taken into custody). [*Aside to* Lappet.

Lap. [*To* Lovegold.] You have done very wisely.

Mar. There, Sir, is your contract. And now, Sir, I have nothing to do but to make myself as easy as I can in my loss.

Enter FREDERICK, CLERIMONT, *and* HARRIET.

Love. Where is that you promised me? where is my treasure?

Cler. Here, Sir, is all the treasure I am worth; a treasure which the whole world's worth should not purchase.

Love. Give me the money, Sir, give me the money; I say, give me the money you stole from me.

Cler. I understand you not.

Love. Did you not confess you robbed me of my treasure?

Cler. This, Sir, is the inestimable treasure I meant! Your daughter, Sir, has this day blest me by making me her husband.

Love. How! oh, wicked vile wretch! to run away thus with a pitiful mean fellow, thy father's clerk!

Cler. Think not your family disgraced, Sir! I am at least your equal born; and though my fortune be not so large, as for my dearest Harriet's sake I wish, still it is such as will put it out of your power to make us miserable.

Love. Oh! my money, my money, my money!

Fred. If this lady does not make you amends for the

loss of your money, resign over all pretensions in her to me, and I will engage to get it restored to you.

Love. How, sirrah? are you a confederate? have you helped to rob me?

Fred. Softly, Sir, or you shall never see your guineas again.

Love. I resign her over to you entirely, and may you both starve together! so, go fetch my gold——

Mar. You are easily prevailed upon, I see, to resign a right which you have not. But were I to resign over myself, it would hardly be the man's fortune to starve whose wife brought him ten thousand pounds.

Love. Bear witness she has confessed she has the money, and I shall prove she stole it from me. She has broke open my bureau; Lappet is my evidence.

Lap. I hope I shall have all your pardons, and parcularly yours, Madam, whom I have most injured.

Love. A fig for her pardon! you are doing a right action.

Lap. Then if there were any robbery, you must have robbed yourself. This lady can only be a receiver of stolen goods, for I saw you give her the money with your own hands.

Love. How! I! you! what! what!

Lap. And I must own it, with shame I must own it—that the money you gave her in exchange for the contract I promised to swear she had stolen from you.

Cler. Is it possible Mr. Lovegold could be capable of such an action as this?

Love. I am undone, undone, undone!

Fred. No, Sir, your three thousand guineas are safe yet; depend upon it, within an hour you shall find them in the same place they were first deposited. "I "thought to have purchased a reprieve with them, "but I find my fortune has of itself bestowed that "on me."

Love. Give 'em me, give 'em me, this instant—but then the ten thousand, where are they?

Mar. Where they ought to be, in the hands of one who I think deserves them. [*Gives them to* Frederick.] You see, Sir, I had no design to the prejudice of your family: nay, I have proved the best friend you ever had; for I presume you are now thoroughly cured of your longing for a young wife.

Love. Sirrah! give me my notes, give me my notes.

Fred. You must excuse me, Sir; I can part with nothing I receive from this lady.

Love. Then I will go to law with that lady and you, and all of you; for I will have them again if law or justice, or injustice, will give them me.

Cler. Be pacified, Sir; I think the lady has acted nobly in giving that back again into your family which she might have carried out of it.

Love. My family be hanged! If I am robbed, I don't care who robs me. I would as soon hang my son as another—and I will hang him if he does not restore me all I have lost: for I would not give half the sum to save the whole world——I will go and employ all the lawyers in town; for I will have my money again, or never sleep more. [*Exit.*

Fred. I am resolved we will get the better of him now: but oh, Mariana! your generosity is much greater in bestowing this sum than my happiness in receiving it: I am an unconscionable beggar, and shall never be satisfied while you have any thing to bestow.

Mar. Do you hear him——

Har. Yes, and begin to approve him——for your late behaviour has convinced me.

Mar. Dear girl! no more; " you have frightened " me already so much to-day, that, rather than ven- " ture a second lecture, I would do whatever you " wished: so, Sir," if I do bestow all on you, here is the lady you are to thank for it.

Har. Well, this I will say, when you do a good-natured thing you have the prettiest way of doing it. And now, Mariana, I am ready to ask your pardon for all I said to-day.

Mar. Dear Harriet! no apologies; all you said I deserved.

Enter LAPPET *and* RAMILIE.

" *Lap.* Treaties are going on on both sides while " you and I seem forgotten.

" *Ram.* Why, have we not done them all the ser- " vice we can? what farther have they to do with us? —Sir, there are some people in masquerading habits without.

" *Mar.* Some I sent for to assist in my design on

" your father: I think we will give them admittance,
" though we have done without 'em.

" *Omnes.* Oh! by all means.

" *Fred.* Mrs. Lappet, be assured I have a just
" sense of your favours, and both you and Ramilie
" shall find my gratitude." [*Dance here.*

Fred. Dear Clerimont! be satisfied I shall make no peace with the old gentleman in which you shall not be included. I hope my sister will prove a fortune equal to your deserts.

Cler. While I am enabled to support her in an affluence equal to her desires I shall desire no more. From what I have seen lately, I think riches are rather to be feared than wished; at least I am sure avarice, which too often attends wealth, is a greater evil than any that is found in poverty. Misery is generally the end of all vice, but it is the very mark at which avarice seems to aim: the Miser endeavours to be wretched;

He hoards eternal cares within his purse,
And what he wishes most, proves most his curse.

EPILOGUE.

Written by COLLEY CIBBER, Esq.

OUR Author's sure bewitch'd! the senseless rogue
Insists, no good play wants an Epilogue.
Suppose that true, said I, What's that to this?
Is yours a good one?—No, but Moliere's is,
He cry'd, and, zounds! no Epilogue was tack'd to his.
Besides, your modern Epilogues, said he,
Are but ragouts of smut and ribaldry,
Where the false jests are dwindled to so few,
There's scarce one double entendre *left that's new;*
Nor would I in that lovely circle raise
One blush to gain a thousand coxcombs' praise:
Then for the threadbare jokes of cit and wit,
Whose foreknown rhyme is echo'd from the pit,
Till of their laugh the galleries are bit;
Then to reproach the criticks with ill-nature,
And charge their malice to his stinging satire,
And thence appealing to the nicer boxes,
Tho' talking stuff might dash the Drury doxies;
If these, he cry'd, the choice ingredients be
For Epilogues, they shall have none from me.
Lord, Sir! says I, the gall'ry will so bawl.
Let 'em, he cry'd; a bad one's worse than none at all.

EPILOGUE.

Madam, these things than you I'm more expert in,
Nor do I see no Epilogue much hurt in.
Zounds! when the play is ended—drop the curtain.

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MDZ Münchener DigitalisierungsZentrum Digitale Bibliothek

Fielding, Henry,

The miser a comedy

London 1791
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urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10745637-1